Saturday Review

ANC

MAY 18, 1957 / 25¢

"We are committing a folly in thoughtlessness ...We must muster the insight, the seriousness and the courage to leave folly and to face reality."

ALBERT SCHWEITZER

Full text of a Declaration of Conscience (See page 13)

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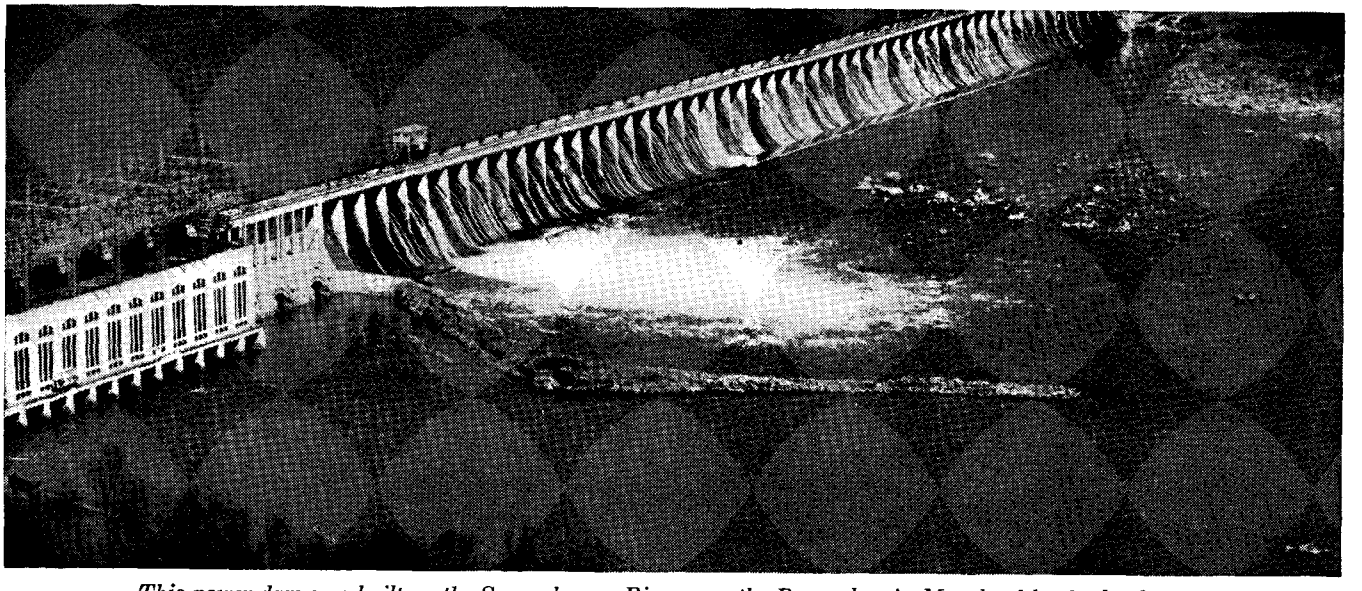
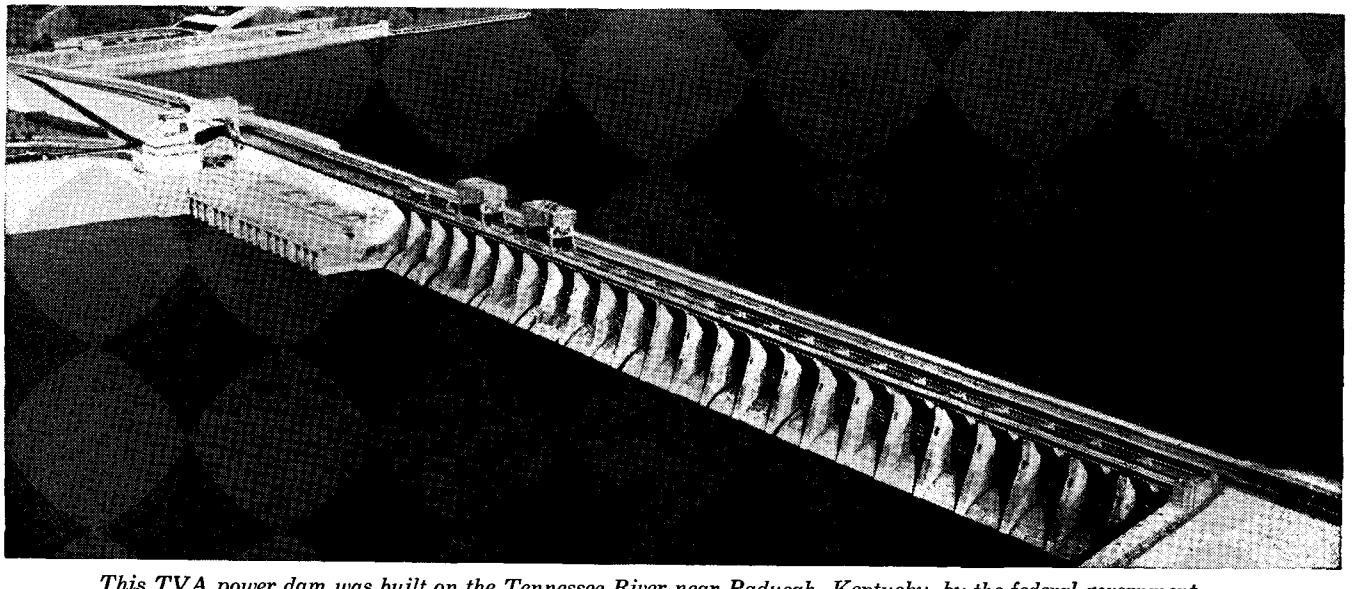
Why do customers of this power dam...



This power dam was built on the Susquehanna River near the Pennsylvania-Maryland border by the local independent electric light and power company at no cost to taxpayers.

have to help pay electric bills for customers of this one?



This TVA power dam was built on the Tennessee River near Paducah, Kentucky, by the federal government with millions of dollars that you and other citizens paid in taxes.

Your taxes help *build* federal government power plants like the one in the lower picture. And these plants *keep on* costing you money year after year. Here's how:

About 23¢ of every dollar you pay for electricity from your independent electric light and power company goes for taxes. But because of present tax laws, customers of federal power systems escape paying most of the taxes in *their* electric bills that you pay in *yours*. They pay taxes of only about 4¢ per dollar if their power comes from the federal government's TVA power system, for example. So to make up for the lost tax revenues which federal power projects *don't* pay, you have to be taxed *more*.

Is it fair for you to have to pay extra taxes like this for customers of federal government power systems? Shouldn't something be done about it? *America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies**. **Company names on request through this magazine*

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People's Capitalism:

Business with pleasure: General Electric's President Ralph J. Cordiner (left), Board Chairman Philip D. Reed, and Secretary Ray H. Luebbe enjoy a share owner's comment at the Annual Meeting. From as far away as California, about 4,000 people come each year to Schenectady, N. Y., to meet the men who represent them on the board of directors and to get acquainted with the managers of their company.

From all walks of life: General Electric owners are typical of America's capitalists. Many of them are also customers, suppliers, dealers, or neighbors in our plant communities. In addition, 129,000 General Electric employees are also owners, or becoming owners.

Owners get a close look: So they can participate more fully in company affairs, share owners have an opportunity to meet General Electric people and review current and future plans. Above, share owners are fitted with safety glasses before a plant tour (*right*).

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The 370,000 owners who have savings invested in General Electric are typical of America, where nearly every citizen is a capitalist

Owners disagree on a point of interest: Even though the young lady is counting on General Electric for part of her future, her attention can wander during the meeting.

Women capitalists: The ladies' viewpoint is significant: half of General Electric's owners are women — and to many, their investment can mean security now or in the future.

If a visitor from abroad had been able to sit down with the men and women at the General Electric Share Owners Meeting in April, he might have discovered a good deal about capitalism in this country.

The visitor could have learned, for instance, that millions of people from all walks of life—not just a wealthy handful—own America's businesses. There were about 4,000 men and women at the meeting. Some were housewives, some employees of the company, some businessmen, some retired folks—the kind of people you meet every day.

They are typical of the 370,000 men and women who have chosen to invest part of their savings in General Electric . . . of the 10 million Americans who own "a piece of the business" in other corporations . . . of the millions who have a stake in the small family businesses in every community . . . and of the 100 million capitalists who indirectly own shares in companies like General Electric through their insurance policies, mutual savings-bank accounts, pension plans, mutual funds or other forms of investment.

The visitor could have learned that in a People's Capitalism everyone benefits from profits. Profits which benefit the many are at the very heart of America's competitive economic system. You may benefit directly, for example, through dividends. Or you may benefit indirectly in many ways—in your pension fund, perhaps, or in the endowment that helps support your child's college, or even through the work of research foundations and charitable organizations which entrust capital to America's businesses.

And in a competitive People's Capitalism, everyone gains again because part of the profits are plowed back into business to spur growth that leads to new products, new jobs and new services.

The visitor could have learned that progress in America's capitalism is measured in terms of the individual. In this country, every man is encouraged to develop to his maximum ability. At General Electric, for instance, employees are given wide opportunities to develop their talents and add to their education and skills. Each year, the company spends some $40 million for training in everything from factory skills to advanced professional development, and over 25,000 men and women take advantage of these opportunities annually.

As General Electric sees it, the People's Capitalism of America is uniquely successful because it works on the basis of "something for something." This capitalism draws its strength from the voluntary participation of all free citizens, and it returns to all of them benefits unmatched anywhere else.

[*For our latest Annual Report, write to us at Dept. 2E-113, Schenectady, N.Y.*]

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The man who reads dictionaries

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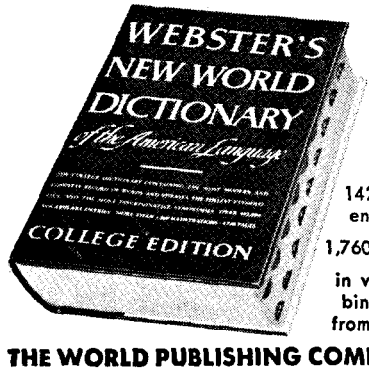

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THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY

The Saturday Review

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XL, No. 20, May 18, 1957. Re-entered as second-class matter January 11, 1952 at the Post Office in New York, N.Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1957 by Saturday Review, Inc.

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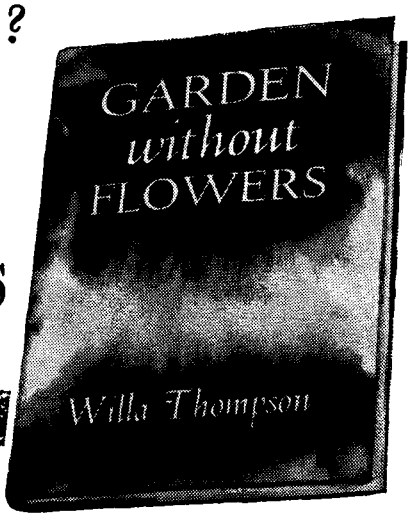

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For more news of BEACON, see page 7

TRADE Winds

IN QUOTES: ▶ Madison Avenue executive, fed up with television: "I've just discovered something new—books!"

▶ From the late, great Colonel Stoopnagle: "A mano-kleptiac is a person who goes around putting stolen books back on shelves."

▶ A Quaker, heading on a mission of mercy in the frozen North with a dog team, observed: "My dogs are working like Friends."

▶ Fourteen-year-old's remark: "Father—you're so *average*!"

▶ Comment on recent news item that dock-workers were being charged 347 per cent interest on loans: "That's adding insult to usury!"

▶ A stranger in New York asked a real-gone bopster how he could get to Carnegie Hall. The reply: "Practise, man, practise!"

▶ Comment on projected idea for a huge plastic dome to cover a new ballpark for the Dodgers: "It'll shed a great many tiers."

▶ A zookeeper finally created a cross-breed between a tiger and a parrot after years of struggle. Asked what in the world came out of such a combination, he replied: "I don't know, but when he talks—we *listen*!"

▶ Free suggestion for an Air Force biography: "Every Cloud Has a Silver Twining."

ONE OF THE BEST-SELLERS in Soviet Russia and Red China today is, of all things, an American novel by E. L. Voynich called "The Gadfly," published by Henry Holt in 1897. The author is a woman in her nineties living in New York. Word drifted back to her that the book—all but forgotten in this country—was doing handsomely in Soviet territory, but with no financial return to the author here. On the suggestion of a friend in the U.N. she wrote to the Russian delegation.

Sometime later she received a check, reported to be in the amount of $15,000—a healthy return for a sixty-year-old novel, although probably only a fraction of what her real royalties should be.

MADISON AVENUE is reading and arguing about "The Hidden Persuaders," by ex-*Collier's*, ex-*American*, and current-*Readers' Digest* writer Vance Packard (McKay). It deals with everything from hidden sex drives to the housewife's blink-rate in a supermarket; promises to revive the kind of debate that began with "100,000,000 Guinea Pigs" and was resumed with "The Hucksters." "A better title," said one rueful advertising man, "would be 'Unfriendly Persuasion'." . . . One of Herb Jaffe's first jobs as an independent literary agent was to sell the forthcoming "Houseful of Love" (Random House, June) to the producers of "Auntie Mame" for either musical or dramatic conversion. Deal was done in association with the McIntosh and McKee agency. . . . Nicholas Montsarrat is about to sail around the world on research for his next project. . . . The editorial shaping of Admiral George J. Dufek's "Operation Deepfreeze" (Harcourt) was a job which strained the ties of communication. A Harcourt editor was stunned by a collect phone-call from Little America one midnight several months ago. It turned out to be a ham radio operator in Syracuse, New York, relaying a message from the Admiral. . . . The great trouble with publishers is their silence between books. If they would send a two-penny postcard, they'd be repaid with embarrassing gratitude. Between books is when they're needed most. . . . Jessamyn West's "To See the Dream" has more than its share of quotes to remember: "Suffering is one of the ways of knowing you're alive." . . . "We can love an honest rogue, but what is more offensive than a false saint?" . . . "She was being witty at her own expense, which

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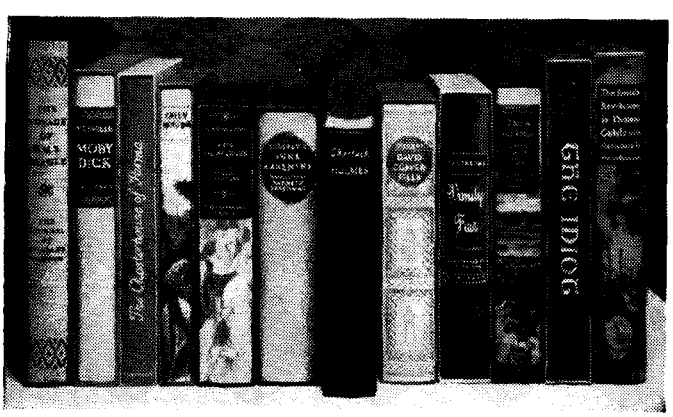

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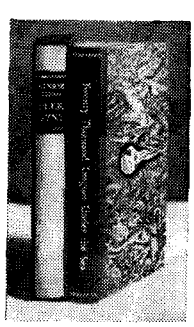

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takes a certain kind of—not humility, but security."

EVER SINCE Judy Holliday shouted, "You're not very couth!" at her adversary in "Born Yesterday," we've been working on a whole new set of words for the dictionary which would save space and printer's ink simultaneously. Here are a few which you may wish to augment with your own: *Ebrity*: a little-known person; *Sheveled*: well-groomed; *Mense*: little, small; *Ebriated*: sober; *Tegrity*: dishonesty; *Mented*: sane; *Sert*: to remove, take out of; *Plore*: not to ask for anything. We are indebted to lyricist Edward Eager, whose delightful new children's book, "Magic by the Lake," is just being published by Harcourt, for helping us to spare the prefixes.

ONE OF THE MOST personable and talented librarians in the country is C. R. (Skip) Graham of Louisville, who says the smartest thing he ever did was to marry a girl who was to pick eleven out of thirteen winners in the Kentucky Derby. Mrs. Graham inherited her skill from her grandmother, whose Derby record was even more impressive. Mrs. Graham declines to divulge the family system, but she advises: "Never bet on a Derby horse with four white legs . . ." Skip Graham has helped to make the Louisville Public Library one of the cultural showplaces of the nation. The library operates two radio stations, one devoted to good talk, the other to good music. More than forty advanced-design tape recording units serve the city's children with material to supplement regular instruction. A direct line serves the university with classical music from one of the nation's finest collections of long-playing records. The library sponsors weekly concerts by the Louisville Symphony Orchestra, which, under a foundation grant, is introducing new works by living composers. And the citizens love it.

Meanwhile, the circulation of books is at an all-time high. Skip Graham examines his bookshelves regularly with the practised eye of a retail clothing merchant inspecting his stock to know what is selling and what is not. Books that appear to be languishing on the shelves are often removed and made part of attractive exhibits. Not long ago, Graham was told by one of his assistants that some books were never read because the subject matter was too difficult. Graham brought all those books together, put them prominently up front under a sign: "Warning—These Books Are Difficult to Read and Require Advanced Knowledge." Every book on

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the shelf went into immediate circulation.

WE WISH WE HAD more space to print more of the many follow-ups to several of the departments-of-cluttered-minds perpetrated in this column a few weeks ago. We list just a few below, with credits:

▶ **Unlikely Names for Cocktail Rooms:** *The Coat Room* at the Chesterfield (Frank Heller, Old Greenwich, Conn.); *The Ample Room* at the Mansfield (Isadore Dretzin, New York); *The Jayne Mansfield Room* at the Biltmore (Bob Criar, New York); *The Engine Room* at the Thunderbird (Si Wincelberg, Hollywood); *The Teamster Room* at the Beck Hotel (H. Bills, Washington); *The Room for Improvement* at any hotel (Ralph Bloomfield, Miami). And to verify the need for this creative thinking, Carrie Greer of Wilber, Nebraska, sends a clipping from the *Omaha World-Herald* stating: "Construction on urgently-needed hotels can't start until somebody thinks up some more cute names for cocktail lounges." Hotel men: please proceed.

▶ **Unlikely Music Album Department:** "Music to Listen to Parental Lectures By" (Phyllis Katz, New York); "Music to Steal Hub Caps By" (Graeme Macleod, Boston).

▶ **Fractured Wisdom Department:** Relevance is never exceeded by the propensity of the inarticulate." (W. B. Wright, Schenectady); "Amiability does not necessarily preclude classicism." (Martin Gross, New York); "The sea of noon halts and admires idly the express of frugal oblivion." (James Wade, Granite City, Ill.)

HOWARD WHITMAN, able journalist and non-fiction writer, tells of meeting an old friend on the golf course. "I've got to stop reading your books and articles," the friend said. "I read your story "Disease a la Carte" about unsanitary restaurants, and I couldn't eat. I read your article about insomnia, and I couldn't sleep. What in the devil are you working on now?" Whitman shifted his golf bag uneasily, replied: "A book, 'Let's Tell the Truth About Sex'." —JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1207)

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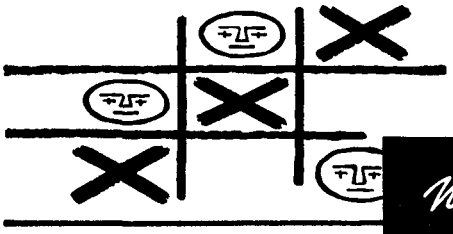

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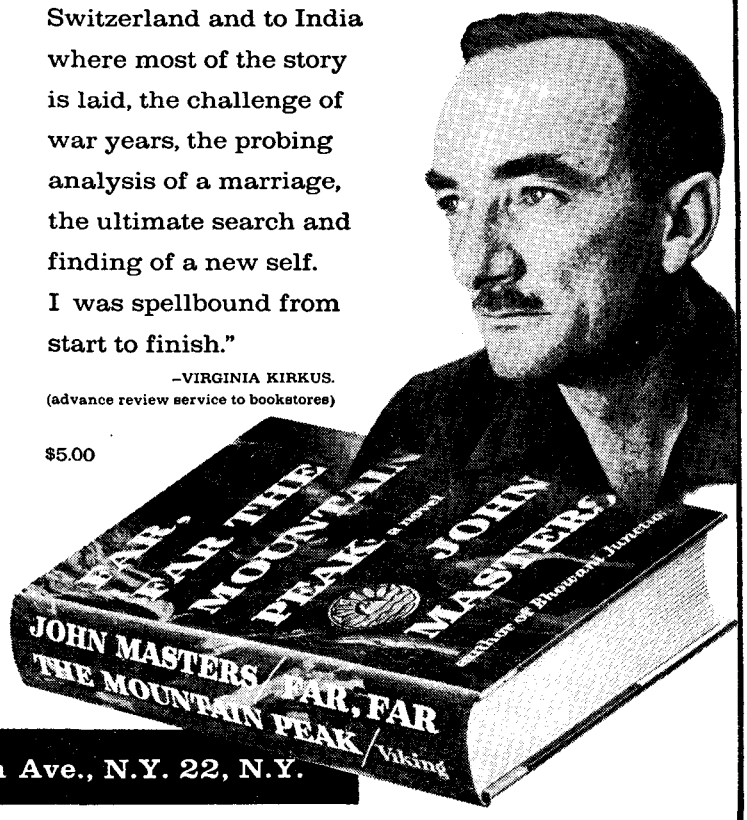

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The Saturday Review
MAY 18, 1957

THE SCHWEITZER DECLARATION

Introduction

Throngs in Oslo turn out to hear Albert Schweitzer's acceptance of the Nobel Peace Prize in 1953.

THE Saturday Review has the honor of being the only American magazine or newspaper to publish in full the complete text of the "Declaration of Conscience," by Dr. Albert Schweitzer. This statement was issued on April 24 under the auspices of the Nobel Prize Committee in Oslo, Norway, for the consideration of the world's peoples.

Dr. Schweitzer's declaration was concerned with the implications of nuclear warfare and experimentation. Judging by reports received from abroad, the statement has produced a powerful response throughout the world. In the United States, the statement gave new emphasis to a controversy which has involved a number of the nation's leading atomic scientists. In particular, Dr. Willard F. Libby, of the Atomic Energy Commission, wrote a public letter of reassurance to the doctor at his jungle hospital in Africa. The text of Dr. Libby's letter will appear in full in the next issue of *The Saturday Review*. The next issue will also contain a commentary on the Schweitzer and Libby statements by Dr. Harrison Brown, Professor of Geochemistry at the California Institute of Technology, who was associated with the atomic bomb project at Oak Ridge during the war and who is the author of several books concerned with the significance of nuclear energy.

Press comment in the United States about Dr. Schweitzer's declaration has raised a number of questions: Where did Dr. Schweitzer obtain his data? Why did he issue his appeal to the world's peoples instead of to governments? What caused him to decide to inject himself into this particular debate?

It is absurd for anyone to attempt to speak for Dr. Schweitzer. I can, however, report on a discussion with Dr. Schweitzer relating to those questions. Three months ago I visited Dr. Schweitzer at his hospital in Lambarene, French Equatorial Africa. One of the purposes of my visit was to discuss with him the general problem of world tensions in the context of an age which has available to itself the means of unlimited destruction.

I found the doctor in excellent health. He was just entering his eighty-third year but he maintained a daily schedule of work—at his desk, in the hospital, and in physical labor around the place—that would have been beyond the capacity of most men half his age. His mind has lost none of the suppleness or range that have given him distinction in so many fields. There was high purpose in everything he said. There was also a constant vein of wit and good spirits in his manner.

For the first four days of my visit to the hospital I spent little time with the doctor. I was appalled at his daily workload, especially his correspondence, and I was severely reluctant to make any demands on his energy or his time. But he sent for me the afternoon of the fourth day and put me at my ease. For the next week we spent at least two hours each day in discussions relating to a wide variety of subjects—his unfinished literary labors, history, philosophy, music, and the human situation in the world today.

The discussions were conducted in the German language through an interpreter, Mrs. Clara Urquhart, who has been a frequent visitor to the hospital for many years and who enjoys the complete confidence of the doctor. She is also the author of a recent book "With Dr. Schweitzer in Lambarene," published in London.

It was in connection with the discussion relating to the condition of man in today's world that the subject of nuclear energy came up. It became clear that Dr. Schweitzer had been following this subject with profound interest and concern ever since the explosion at Hiroshima. I had brought with me a number of important papers relating to this matter and proceeded to discuss them with the doctor.

One of these papers was a report, of which Dr. Willard F. Libby was a co-author, prepared for the U. S.

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Atomic Energy Commission in August 1954. Dr. Libby was reporting on the effect of radioactive fallout on milk resulting from the uranium and plutonium nuclear explosions that had taken place up to that time. Radioactive strontium had also been found in milk produced on a farm near Chicago. The quantities of this radioactive strontium were found at the time to be well under dangerous levels. Even so, Dr. Libby's report showed evidence of growing apprehension, especially in his recommendation that the Federal Government undertake estimates on the cost of decontaminating milk. The decontamination would be effected by removing the calcium from the milk. Calcium has an affinity for radioactive strontium.

Three things were significant about that report. The first was that most of the radioactive fallout resulting from previous nuclear explosions had yet to come to earth at the time the survey was made. The second was that the biggest nuclear explosions were to occur after the report was published in July 1954. The third was that no precise data are available on the tolerance limits of human beings to radioactive strontium.

In other forms of radiation, it is definitely known that there is far less safety than had earlier been supposed. Only ten or fifteen years ago, for example, the public was being assured that it had nothing to fear from regular X-ray examinations. In the last year, however, it was disclosed that the tolerances were astoundingly lower than once had been so confidently claimed. Scientists have yet to perform the same kind of exhaustive researches into the tolerance limits of radioactive strontium that have been made on X-ray radiation. If, through additional research, it develops that the effects of radioactive strontium has been underestimated, as in the case of X-rays, then colossal damage to all living creatures will have been done. And this is the kind of damage that affects everyone and cannot be undone.

Another matter discussed with Dr. Schweitzer concerned the power of the new bombs. One way of visualizing this new power would be to imagine a procession of one million trucks, each of which contained ten tons of TNT. The total tonnage would form a man-made mountain of dynamite several times the height of the Empire State Building. If this mountain were to be detonated it would represent the approximate power in a single twenty-megaton hydrogen bomb that can be carried by a single plane.

NOTHING to me was more striking than Dr. Schweitzer's face as he contemplated and spoke about the situation that confronted people in the world today. There seemed to be an infinity of detail in that face; it seemed as though every event in human history were clearly recorded there. Most of the time he sat forward in his straight chair, his eyes seemingly fixed on a distant object.

He said that over the years he had been collecting materials on the question of nuclear energy, military and non-military. When he visited Europe some months earlier, his concern had been considerably increased as a result of a meeting of Nobel Prize winners in Lindau (Austria). Many of the scientists there spoke with the utmost sense of urgency and gravity about the growing problem. Alongside such a problem, he said, everything else seemed small.

Only a few years ago, he added, the statement that this planet could be made unfit for life seemed absurdly melodramatic. But there was no longer any question that such power now existed. And even without a war, the atmosphere could become dangerously contaminated.

"After our talk yesterday," he said, "I reflected that danger of this magnitude is not easily grasped by the human mind. As day after day passes, and as the sun continues to rise and set, the sheer regularity of nature seems to rule out such terrible thoughts. But what we seem to forget is that, yes, the sun will continue to rise and set and the moon will continue to move across the skies, but mankind can create a situation in which the sun and moon can look down upon an earth that has been stripped of all life.

"We must find some way of bringing about an increased awareness of the danger," he continued. "It is a serious thing that the governments have supplied so little information to their peoples on this subject. There is no reason why people should not know exactly where they stand. Every once in a while, the governments will reassure the people but this only comes after there has been a serious alarm. What is needed is genuine information. Nothing that a government knows about the nature of this new force is improper for its people to know."

I asked Dr. Schweitzer if he did not think that it was important for him to say publicly what he had just said to Clara Urquhart and myself.

His eyes turned from a distant object and he looked at me directly.

"All my life," he said, "I have carefully stayed away from making pronouncements on public matters. Groups would come to me for statements or I would be asked to sign joint letters or the press would ask for my views on certain political questions. And always I would feel forced to say no.

"It was not because I had no interest in world affairs or politics. My interest and my concerns in these things are great. It was just that I felt that my connection with the outside world should grow out of my work or thought in the fields of theology or philosophy or music. I have tried to relate myself to the problems of all humankind rather than to become involved in disputes between this or that group. I wanted to be one man speaking to another man about the lasting problems inside men and between them."

I asked whether the doctor felt that the matter we had been discussing was as much moral as it was scientific or political. I told him I believed there was no living person whose voice on such an issue would be more widely heard or respected.

Dr. Schweitzer thanked me for the compliment but said that this was a problem for scientists. He believed that it would be too easy to attempt to discredit any non-scientist who spoke out on these matters.

I told him that I thought it inconceivable that this would

Spring Is a Looping-Free Time

By Martin Robbins

BOYS like puppets dangling
On the drooping curves of baseballs;
Babies in swings who swoop
To float in chains back to mothers;
Pole-vaulters scooped-up
To poise, prouder than Icarus.

Even the scarring-white trails of jets
Can't splinter the sky's prayer into angles
Or recall winter's prison-square penance.
Not while the sun and a southerly breeze
Are shining and blueing the heavens
Cleaner than Sunday, warmer than leaves.

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be true in his case. Moreover, this was not solely a laboratory question. If nuclear power could have the effect of damaging the genes of human beings, then the nature of man himself was involved. Sovereign nations were now in a position to make decisions that were not properly theirs to make.

In saying this, I told him I recognized that the problem could not be considered apart from the larger uncertainty in the world today. Deep apprehension existed in the United States and Western Europe about the basic aims and purposes of the Communist world. The totalitarian record of Stalin, to which the Communist leaders had themselves attested, and recent events of which Hungary was a grave example, made it difficult for the Western world to feel confident in the expressed desire of the Soviet leaders for peace. In short, nuclear experimentation did not exist in an otherwise placid world. This, of course, added to the peril of mankind. For what we had most to fear was not merely the tests themselves, hazardous though they might be, but a saturation of tensions resulting in all-out nuclear war.

Dr. Schweitzer agreed, saying that anything that would be done against nuclear experimentation should not have the effect of putting the West at a disadvantage with respect to Soviet Russia.

He said, however, that the very real challenge of world Communism should not be used as the reason for withholding vital information from the human race concerning the dangers of unlimited nuclear testing. It was possible that an informed and determined world public opinion could serve as a powerful force in bringing about enforceable agreements with respect to arms control and in leading to other long-range measures for peace.

In view of all this, I asked the doctor whether he felt justified in putting aside his reticence about making a public statement.

He said that he would continue to give careful thought to the matter. He was still troubled, he said, about the form a constructive statement might take. How would it be issued? How would one go about drafting a statement that would be outside the context of the ideological struggle in the world today? He re-emphasized that he didn't want people to think that he was admonishing the United States or trying to intrude into domestic concerns. He wanted more time to think about these things.

When we resumed our discussion the next day he said he was still uncertain about the form of a statement or the method of its release.

Meanwhile, he was eager to consider an aspect of the problem that was highly significant. This was the fact that nations which were setting off nuclear explosions in the pursuit of their own security were possibly jeopardizing the health of other peoples.

On the basis of recent visits to Japan, I could report to Dr. Schweitzer that the Japanese government was confronted with a profound dilemma. It did not wish to oppose the American government, nor did it see any way of condemning Soviet Russia at the United Nations without including the United States. But Japan had increasing evidence of soil contamination as the result of the Russian tests, and fish contamination as the result of the American tests. Autopsies had indicated the presence of radioactive strontium in a number of corpses. The American hydrogen bomb explosion called "Operation Castle" had not been under complete control. Japanese fishermen were outside the prohibited area yet had been hit by radioactive ashes. The Japanese government had just issued instructions to its people about precautionary measures in the preparation of leafy vegetables and fish. But decontamination of food was a complicated laboratory process; it was doubtful that even the most careful washing and boiling would be adequate.

As a result, Japanese public opinion was sensitive on the subject and was now becoming articulate and potent. Meanwhile, Communists were exploiting the issue of testing against the United States, making it appear that America was responsible for the failure to arrive at cessation agreements, and saying little about the fact of Soviet nuclear testing.

As we discussed the role of the bystanders with respect to nuclear testing, I could see that Dr. Schweitzer felt that this was a vital issue. As a citizen of a democratic nation, I did not feel that we had any right to take measures that were of possible danger to others without their consent. Indeed, the principal argument against Nazism and more recently against Communism was that they were scornful of the rights of others and did harm to innocent people in their pursuit of military advantage. Is it any less immoral for a democratic nation to jeopardize the health and safety of other peoples through air dispersal of radioactive poisons? If other peoples are involved, then they have a right to participate in the basic decisions involved in testing. There is no more basic tenet in democratic government than that people who are affected by the acts of government have a right to participate in the affairs of that government.

If it is wrong to impose a tax on a man without giving him a voice in government, is it any less wrong to deprive his soil or water of their purity without giving him a chance to be represented and heard?

AT THE time I left Lambarene, Dr. Schweitzer was still struggling with the questions he had posed about the proper way in which a public statement might be made. A few weeks later I received a letter from the doctor saying that he had resolved these questions in his own mind. He would prepare a declaration and then turn it over to the Nobel Prize Committee. Earlier he had been invited by the Nobel committee to speak out on the subject of world peace. In doing so now, he would write a declaration of conscience addressed to no single nation but to the world's peoples. In it he would call for the right to know; he would try to make clear that before anything constructive could be done people had to have full information on the basis of which a moral climate of opinion could be created. He also said in his letter that he would get the fullest information from and check his facts with scientists of worldwide repute.

This is the way the matter was handled. Dr. Schweitzer's statement was read in full over Radio Oslo under the auspices of the Nobel Prize committee. Copies were sent all over the world for simultaneous release. So far as can be ascertained, the United States, Soviet Union, and Communist China were the only major nations which did not broadcast the full text. In checking with American networks, I learned that there had apparently been some confusion about the statement. Indeed, two of the networks claimed hat they had not even heard of the statement prior to the news flash about it from the wire services. In any event, the statement has now been released and millions of people know of its message. This is the statement that appears in full on the next page.

So far as the American people are concerned, it is unfortunate that the subject of nuclear experimentation became a political issue in the last campaign. The result has been that many people have taken fixed positions based on party affiliation. But the question has nothing to do with politics. It has to do with facts of vital concern to our health and the health of the world's peoples. It also has to do with information.

The American people have not been fully informed—under either administration these past twelve years—about the essential facts related to nuclear energy. Part of this is justifiable on military grounds. But it is also true

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that much of it has nothing to do with military security; what little the government has released virtually had to be dredged out of it. It was only when a disaster occurred, as in the Pacific tests involving the fishermen, that the public had any inkling of the extent of danger from radioactivity.

Dr. Libby's letter is written with obvious good will, but it is not reassuring. He does not emphasize the special problem represented by internal radiation. He says nothing about the lower tolerances of children to radioactive strontium. He says nothing about the extent of contamination of milk. He makes no reference to his earlier report. He did not tell Dr. Schweitzer that the United States Public Health Service is just now setting up five stations at various points across the United States for the express purpose of testing milk and other foodstuffs for radioactive contamination. He does not make clear that neither this government nor any other government can guarantee its people or other people that there may not be untoward effects which additional research may make known. He does not say what will happen when smaller nations, as will inevitably happen, begin their own nuclear programs. He cannot predict what the future fate of fallout will be, nor where it will take place. Nor does he remind people that X-rays, at a stage of development comparable with present nuclear testing, were considered far less harmful than they turned out to be. Finally, he talks about permissible limits of radioactive strontium in human beings. What he overlooks is that the proper amount of strontium in a human being is no strontium.

THE EDITORS do not question the good faith of our government. We realize that there are circumstances under which men in government may feel justified in withholding vital information. It may be feared that the American people will respond in panic. But this will be as nothing compared to the panic that will occur later if it should be discovered that the tolerance limits have been passed, and that there is no known method of washing the sky clean of the radioactive poisons that were yet to fall. The American Constitution-makers had only to review history to be convinced that it is the natural and inevitable tendency of men in authority to withhold information if it is likely to produce an unwanted result. Because of this, the Constitution-makers contended that the people must be informed about everything that concerns them—not as a matter of privilege, but as a matter of natural right.

It is this natural right that concerns Dr. Schweitzer.

—N. C.

What About 2000 A.D.?

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following are four excerpts from an important new book, that deals with many of the issues raised by Dr. Schweitzer:* ***"Radiation: What It Is and How It Affects You,"*** *by Jack Schubert and Ralph E. Lapp (Viking, $3.59).*

IT IS probable that the radiostrontium already committed to the stratosphere will not present a *serious* biological hazard to a global population. Whether or not it will present *some* harmful effects to *any* portion of the earth's population is a matter which transcends the bounds of our present knowledge of the biological effects of nuclear radiation. So far as internal emitters are concerned —as, for example, bone-seekers such as strontium—we have insufficient evidence for predicting in a quantitative way how many people might suffer ill effects. All our knowledge rests upon the base supplied by a relatively few (a statistically small sample) cases of radiation injury with radium.

Almost all thinking about radiation hazards has focused upon the occupational MPC (maximum permissible concentration) and its application to a small population—usually a few score, and rarely more than a few hundred, people.

If we define the MPC for such a group as that which will produce only 1 per cent chance of radiation injury, we must recognize that extrapolation of such reasoning, even dividing the occupational MPC by ten, to a large population leaves one with 0.1 per cent incidence of injury. Such a risk is quite acceptable for small groups, but 0.1 per cent of the earth's population is 2.5 million people!

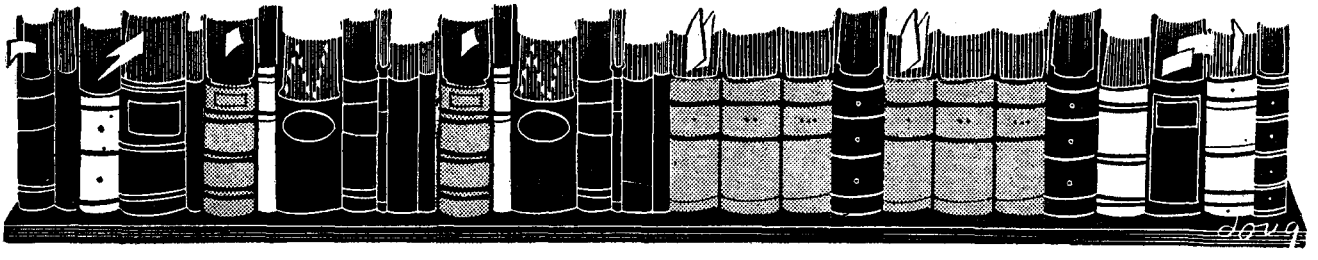
• • •

IT MAY well be that man's ability to cope with the radiation hazards from the split atom will limit his exploitation of this revolutionary new power source. If we project the magnitude of the problems which we know will arise from nuclear-reactor hazards up to the year 2000, the conclusion seems inevitable that our present knowledge is inadequate to deal with these dangers.

EVALUATION of the global risk of continuing tests is a most perplexing enigma. Who makes the evaluation? What is the "acceptable" risk? Quite obviously, an agency like the Atomic Energy Commission, which is charged with responsibility for testing nuclear weapons, should not be asked to assume the onus of appraising their risks to humanity. Such an action puts the plaintiff and judge on the same bench.

• • •

SOME risk must be run for the sake of national security, but where one fixes the limit beyond which risks must not be taken is the all-important question. And we should insist that the calculation of the risk be made in the open, in the light of all available physical and biological data. The authors venture the estimate that annual additions to the stratosphere of approximately three metagons constitute a reasonable risk. This value is so small that a single Bravo (uranium-hydrogen-uranium) bomb exceeds it, and we propose that the nations of the world should focus their efforts on a cooperative plan to cease rather than to limit nuclear tests.



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A DECLARATION of CONSCIENCE

By ALBERT SCHWEITZER

SINCE March 1, 1954 hydrogen bombs have been tested by the United States at the Pacific island of Bikini in the Marshall group and by Soviet Russia in Siberia. We know that testing of atomic weapons is something quite different from testing of non-atomic ones. Earlier, when a new type of giant gun had been tested, the matter ended with the detonation. After the explosion of a hydrogen bomb that is not the case. Something remains in the air, namely, an incalculable number of radioactive particles emitting radioactive rays. This was also the case with the uranium bombs dropped on Nagasaki and Hiroshima and those which were subsequently tested. However, because these bombs were of smaller size and less effectiveness compared with the hydrogen bombs, not much attention was given to this fact.

Since radioactive rays of sufficient amount and strength have harmful effects on the human body, it must be considered whether the radiation resulting from the hydrogen explosions that have already taken place represents a danger which would increase with new explosions.

In the course of the three-and-a-half years that have passed since then [the dropping of the first hydrogen bomb in 1954] representatives of the physical and medical sciences have been studying the problem. Observations on the distribution, origin, and nature of radiation have been made. The processes through which the human body is harmfully affected have been analyzed. The material collected, although far from complete, allows us to draw the conclusion that radiation resulting from the explosions which have already taken place represents a danger to the human race—a danger not to be underrated—and that further explosions of atomic bombs will increase this danger to an alarming extent.

This conclusion has repeatedly been expressed, especially during the last few months. However, it has not, strange to say, influenced public opinion to the extent that one might have expected. Individuals and peoples have not been aroused to give to this danger the attention which it unfortunately deserves. It must be demonstrated and made clear to them.

I raise my voice, together with those of others who have lately felt it their duty to act, through speaking and writing, in warning of the danger. My age and the generous understanding so many people have shown of my work permit me to hope that my appeal may contribute to the preparing of the way for the insights so urgently needed.

My thanks go to the radio station in Oslo, the city of the Nobel Peace Prize, for making it possible for that which I feel I have to say to reach far-off places.

WHAT is radioactivity?

Radioactivity consists of rays differing from those of light in being invisible and in being able to pass not only through glass but also through thin metal discs and through layers of cell tissue in the human and animal bodies. Rays of this kind were first discovered in 1895 by the physicist Wilhelm Röentgen of Munich, and were named after him.

In 1896 the French physicist Henry Becquerel demonstrated that rays of this kind occur in nature. They are emitted from uranium, an element known since 1786.

In 1898 Pierre Curie and his wife discovered in the mineral pitchblende, a uranium ore, the strongly radioactive element radium.

THE joy caused by the fact that such rays were at the disposal of humanity was at first unmixed. It appeared that they influence the relatively rapidly growing and relatively rapidly decaying cells of malignant tumors and sarcomas. If exposed to these rays repeatedly for a longer period, some of the terrible neoplasms can be destroyed.

After a time it was found, however, that the destruction of cancer cells does not always mean the cure of cancer and also, that the normal cells of the body may be seriously damaged if long exposed to radioactivity.

When Mme. Curie, after having handled uranium ore for four years, finally held the first gram of radium in her hand there appeared abrasions in the skin which no treatment could cure. With the years she grew steadily sicker from a disease caused by radioactive rays which damaged her bone marrow and through this her blood. In 1934 death put an end to her suffering.

Even so, for many years we were not aware of the grave risks involved in X-rays to those constantly exposed to them. Through operating X-ray ap-

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paratus thousands of doctors and nurses have incurred incurable diseases.

Radioactive rays are material things. Through them the radioactive element constantly and forcefully emits tiny particles of itself. There are three kinds. They are named after the three first letters of the Greek alphabet, *alpha, beta, gamma.* The gamma rays are the hardest ones and have the strongest effect.

THE reason why elements emit radioactive rays is that they are in a continuous state of decaying. The radioactivity is the energy liberated little by little. There are other elements besides uranium and radium which are radioactive. To the radiation from the elements in the earth is added some radiation from space. Fortunately, the air mass 400 kilometers high that surrounds our earth protects us against this radiation. Only a very small fraction of it reaches us.

We are, then, constantly being exposed to radioactive radiation coming from the earth and from space. It is so weak, however, that it does not hurt us. Stronger sources of radiation, as for instance X-ray machines and exposed radium, have, as we know, harmful effects if one is exposed to them for some time.

The radioactive rays are, as I said, invisible. How can we tell that they are there and how strong they are?

Thanks to the German physicist Hans Geiger, who died in 1945 as a victim to X-rays, we have an instrument which makes that possible. This instrument is called the Geiger counter; it consists of a metal tube containing rarefied air. In it are two metal electrodes between which there is a high potential. Radioactive rays from the outside affect the tube and release a discharge between the two electrodes. The stronger the radiation the quicker the discharges follow one another. A small device connected to the tube makes the discharge audible. The Geiger counter performs a veritable drum-roll when the discharges are strong.

There are two kinds of atom bomb —uranium bombs and hydrogen bombs. The effect of an uranium bomb is due to a process which liberates energy through the fission of uranium. In the hydrogen bomb the liberation of energy is the result of the transformation of hydrogen into helium.

It is interesting to note that this latter process is similar to that which takes place in the center of the sun, supplying it with the self-renewing energy which it emits in the form of light and heat.

In principle, the effect of both bombs is the same. But according to various estimates the effect of one of the latest hydrogen bombs is 2,000 times stronger than the one which was dropped on Hiroshima.

To these two bombs has recently been added the cobalt bomb, a kind of super atom-bomb. It is a hydrogen bomb surrounded by a layer of cobalt. The effect of this bomb is estimated to be many times stronger than that of hydrogen bombs that have been made so far.

The explosion of an atom bomb creates an unconceivably large number of exceedingly small particles of radioactive elements which decay like uranium or radium. Some of these particles decay very quickly, others more slowly, and some of them extraordinarily slowly. The strongest of these elements cease to exist only ten seconds after the detonation of the bomb. But in this short time they may have killed a great number of people in a circumference of several miles.

What remains are the less powerful elements. In our time it is with these we have to contend. It is of the danger arising from the radioactive rays emitted by these elements that we must be aware.

OF THESE elements some exist for hours, some for weeks, or months, or years, or millions of years, undergoing continuous decay. They float in the higher strata of air as clouds of radioactive dust. The heavy particles fall down first. The lighter ones will stay in the air for a longer time or come down with rain or snow. How long it will take before everything carried up in the air by the explosions which have taken place till now has disappeared no one can say with any certainty. According to some estimates, this will be the case not earlier than thirty or forty years from now.

When I was a boy I witnessed how dust hurled into the air from the explosion in 1883 of the island Krakatoa in the Sunda group was noticeable for two years afterwards to such an extent that the sunsets were given extraordinary splendor by it.

What we can state with certainty, however, is that the radioactive clouds will constantly be carried by the winds around the globe and that some of the dust, by its own weight, or by being brought down by rain, snow, mist, and dew, little by little, will fall down on the hard surface of the earth, into the rivers, and into the oceans.

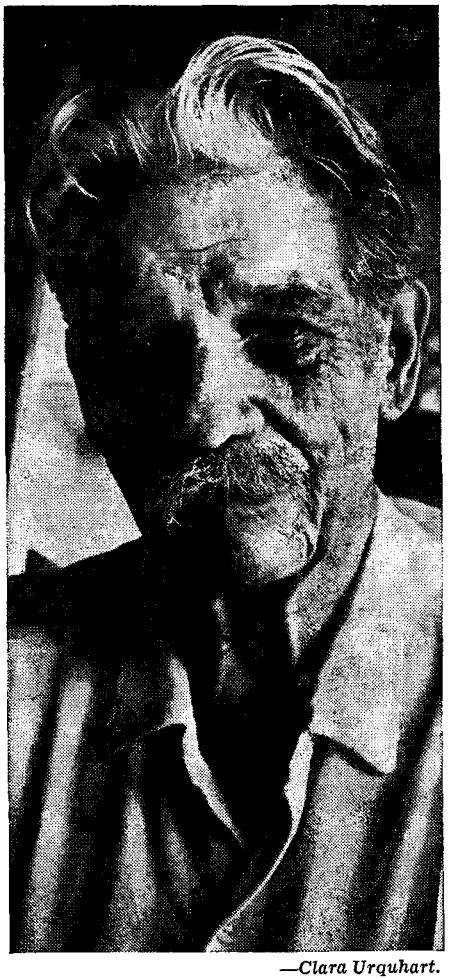
Of what nature are these radioactive elements particles of which were carried up in the air by the explosion of atom bombs and which are now falling down again?

They are strange variants of the usual non-radioactive elements. They have the same chemical properties, but a different atomic weight. Their names are always accompanied by their atomic weights. The same element can occur in several radioactive variants. Besides Iodine 131, which lives for sixteen days only, we have Iodine 129, which lives for 200,000,000 years.

Dangerous elements of this kind are: Phosphorus 32, Calcium 45, Iodine 131, Iron 55, Bismuth 210, Plutonium 239, Cerium 144, Strontium 89, Caesium 137. If the hydrogen bomb is covered by cobalt, Cobalt 60 must be added to the list.

Particularly dangerous are the elements combining long life with a relatively strong efficient radiation. Among them Strontium 90 takes the first place. It is present in very large amounts in the radioactive dust. Cobalt 60 must also be mentioned as particularly dangerous.

The radioactivity in the air, increased through these elements, will not harm us from the outside, not being strong enough to penetrate the skin. It is another matter with respira-



—Clara Urquhart.

Dr. Albert Schweitzer: "Public opinion works . . . just by being there."

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tion, through which radioactive elements can enter our bodies. But the danger which has to be stressed above all the others is the one which arises from our drinking radioactive water and our eating radioactive food as a consequence of the increased radioactivity in the air.

Following the explosions of Bikini and Siberia rain falling over Japan has, from time to time, been so radioactive that the water from it cannot be drunk. Not only that: Reports of radioactive rainfall are coming from all parts of the world where analyses have recently been made. In several places the water has proved to be so radioactive that it was unfit for drinking.

WELL-water becomes radioactive to any considerable extent only after longer periods of heavy rainfall.

Wherever radioactive rainwater is found the soil is also radioactive—and in a higher degree. The soil is made radioactive not only by the downpour, but also from radioactive dust falling on it. And with the soil the vegetation will also have become radioactive. The radioactive elements deposited in the soil pass into the plants, where they are stored. This is of importance, for as a result of this process it may be the case that we are threatened by a considerable amount of radioactive elements.

The radioactive elements in grass, when eaten by animals whose meat is used for food, will be absorbed and stored in our bodies.

In the case of cows grazing on contaminated soil, the absorption is effected when we drink their milk. In that way small children run an especially dangerous risk of absorbing radioactive elements.

When we eat contaminated cheese and fruits the radioactive elements stored in them are transferred to us.

What this storing of radioactive material implies is clearly demonstrated by the observations made when, on one occasion, the radioactivity of the Columbia River in North America was analyzed. The radioactivity was caused by the atomic plants at Hanford, which produce plutonium for atomic bombs and which empty their waste water into the river. The radioactivity of the river water was insignificant. But the radioactivity of the river plankton was 2,000 times higher, that of the ducks eating plankton 40,000 times higher, that of the fish 15,000 times higher. In young swallows fed on insects caught by their parents in the river the radioactivity was 500,000 times higher, and in the egg yolks of water birds more than 1,000,000 times higher.

From official and unofficial sources we have been assured, time and time again, that the increase in radioactivity of the air does not exceed the amount which the human body can tolerate without any harmful effects. This is just evading the issue. Even if we are not directly affected by the radioactive material in the air, we are indirectly affected through that which has fallen down, is falling down, and will fall down. We are absorbing this through radioactive drinking water and through animal and vegetable foodstuffs, to the same extent as radioactive elements are stored in the vegetation of the region in which we live. Unfortunately for us, nature hoards what is falling down from the air.

None of the radioactivity of the air, created by the explosion of atom bombs, is so unimportant that it may not, in the long run, become a danger to us through increasing the amount of radioactivity stored in our bodies.

What we absorb of radioactivity is not spread evenly in all cellular tissue. It is deposited in certain parts of our body, particularly in the bone tissue and also in the spleen and in the liver. From those sources the organs which are especially sensitive to it are exposed to radiation. What the radiation lacks in strength is compensated for by time. It works day and night without interruption.

How does radiation affect the cells of an organ?

Through being ionized, that is to say, electrically charged. This change means that the chemical processes which make it possible for the cells to do their job in our body no longer function as they should. They are no longer able to perform the tasks which are of vital importance to us. We must also bear in mind that a great number of the cells of an organ may degenerate or die as a result of radiation.

WHAT are the diseases caused by internal radiation? The same diseases that are known to be caused by external radiation.

They are mainly serious blood diseases. The cells of the red bone marrow, where the red and the white blood corpuscles are formed, are very

Letter from America

By Sydney Kessler

SO, YOU are in Paris
and I am here, attempting to tell what happens
behind locked doors,
from the clicking traffic lights,
by my own pulse beat.

Sometimes, as I read in the late quiet,
my wife turning peacefully in sleep,
the children discovering their real world,
in dreams, I accept, for awhile, my life,
allotted to this city,
these avenues, landmarks I cannot forget;
childhood's narrow streets; corners of school days;
this house of approaching middle age;
each neighborhood an increment of time remembered.
But, then, too often,
I can find no commanding view;
and pace an airless room with sooted windows,
badly lighted, and hemmed-in by time.

Tell me, are there hills there,
stars to count, women who walk toward other than
shop-worn destinations; is there a place to sit;
are there children playing in morning sunlight?

These lines write themselves
on pilfered paper and borrowed time,
and—in the end—simply say, "Do not forget me."

I should have been born everywhere.

Still, in some small sense, I yet know
what happens, living behind my own locked doors;
and make my small attempts to salvage time,
speak to France, and accept that street and landmark
there, as here, shape the same late quiet,
beneath the same, immutable stars.

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sensitive to radioactive rays. It is these corpuscles, found in great numbers in the blood, which make it possible for it to play such an important part. If the cells in the bone marrow are damaged by radiation they will produce too few or abnormal, degenerating blood corpuscles. Both cases lead to blood diseases and, frequently, to death. These were the diseases that killed the victims of X-rays and radium rays.

It was one of these diseases that attacked the Japanese fishermen who were surprised in their vessel by radioactive ashes falling down 240 miles from Bikini after the explosion of an hydrogen bomb. With one exception, they were all saved, being strong and relatively mildly affected, through continuous blood transfusions.

In the cases cited the radiation came from the outside. It is unfortunately very probable that internal radiation affecting the bone marrow and lasting for years will have the same effect, particularly since the radiation goes from the bone tissue to the bone marrow. As I have said, the radioactive elements are by preference stored in the bone tissue.

NOT our own health only is threatened by internal radiation, but also that of our descendants. The fact is that the cells of the reproductive organs are particularly vulnerable to radiation which in this case attacks the nucleus to such an extent that it can be seen in the microscope.

To the profound damage of these cells corresponds a profound damage to our descendants.

It consists in stillbirths and in the births of babies with mental or physical defects.

In this context also, we can point to the effects of radiation coming from the outside.

It is a fact—even if the statistical material being published in the press needs checking—that in Nagasaki, during the years following the dropping of the atom bomb, an exceptionally high occurrence of stillbirths and of deformed children was observed.

In order to establish the effect of radioactive radiation on posterity, comparative studies have been made between the descendants of doctors who have been using X-ray apparatus over a period of years and descendants of doctors who have not. The material of this study comprises about 3,000 doctors in each group. A noticeable difference was found. Among the descendants of radiologists a percentage of stillbirths of 1,403 was found, while the percentage among the non-radiologists were 1,222.

In the first group 6.01 per cent of the children had congenital defects, while only 4.82 per cent in the second.

The number of healthy children in the first group was 80.42 per cent; the number in the other was significantly higher, viz. 83.23 per cent.

It must be remembered that even the weakest of internal radiation can have harmful effects on our descendants.

The total effect of the damage done to descendants of ancestors who have been exposed to radioactive rays will not, in accordance with the laws of genetics, be apparent in the generations coming immediately after us. The full effects will appear only 100 or 200 years later.

As the matter stands we cannot at present cite cases of serious damage done by internal radiation. To the extent that such radiation exists it is not sufficiently strong and has not lasted long enough to have caused the damage in question. We can only conclude from the harmful effects known to be caused by external radiation to those we must expect in the future from internal radiation.

If the effect of the latter is not as strong as that of the former, it may become so, through working little by little and without interruption. The final result will be the same in both cases.

Their effects add up.

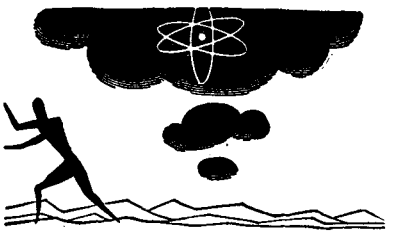
We must also remember that internal radiation does not have to, in contrast to that coming from the outside, penetrate layers of skin, tissues, and muscles to hit the organs. It works at close range and without any weakening of its force.

When we realize under what conditions the internal radiation is working, we cease to underrate it. Even if it is true that, when speaking of the dangers of internal radiation, we can point to no actual case, only express our fear, that fear is so solidly founded on facts that it attains the weight of reality in determining our attitude. We are forced to regard every increase in the existing danger through further creation of radioactive elements by atom bomb explosions as a catastrophe for the human race, a catastrophe that must be prevented.

There can be no question of doing anything else, if only for the reason that we cannot take the responsibility for the consequences it might have for our descendants.

They are threatened by the greatest and most terrible danger.

That radioactive elements created by us are found in nature is an astounding event in the history of the earth and of the human race. To fail to consider its importance and its consequences would be a folly for



which humanity would have to pay a terrible price. We are committing a folly in thoughtlessness. It must not happen that we do not pull ourselves together before it is too late. We must muster the insight, the seriousness, and the courage to leave folly and to face reality.

This is at bottom what the statesmen of the nations producing atomic bombs are thinking, too. Through the reports they are receiving they are sufficiently informed to form their own judgments, and we must also assume that they are alive to their responsibility.

At any rate, America and Soviet Russia and Britain are telling one another again and again that they want nothing more than to reach an agreement to end the testing of atomic weapons. At the same time, however, they declare that they cannot stop the tests as long as there is no such agreement.

Why do they not come to an agreement? The real reason is that in their own countries there is no public opinion asking for it. Nor is there any such public opinion in other countries, with the exception of Japan. This opinion has been forced upon the Japanese people because, little by little, they will be hit in a most terrible way by the evil consequences of all the tests.

AN agreement of this kind presupposes reliability and trust. There must be guarantees preventing the agreement from being signed by anyone intending to win important tactical advantages foreseen only by him.

Public opinion in all nations concerned must inspire and accept the agreement.

When public opinion has been created in the countries concerned and among all nations, an opinion informed of the dangers involved in going on with the tests and led by the reason which this information imposes, then the statesmen may reach an agreement to stop the experiments.

A public opinion of this kind stands in no need of plebiscites or of forming of committees to express itself. It works through just being there.

The end of further experiments with atom bombs would be like the early sunrays of hope which suffering humanity is longing for.

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FICTION

Anniversary Translation of a French Classic

"Madame Bovary," by Gustave Flaubert *(translated by Francis Steegmuller. Random House. 396 pp. $3.95), is a new English translation of a nineteenth-century French novel which instigated a famous literary court trial when it first was published exactly one hundred years ago, and which now has long since achieved the stature of a literary classic.*

By Otis Fellows

A CENTURY ago—quite as easily as today—an unknown writer might find himself catapulted to fame overnight if his first published work were fortunate enough to offend the appropriate civil and ecclesiastic authorities. If he were brought to trial with the accusation of outrage against public morals and religion, popular success would be an almost foregone conclusion. And if he later turned out to be an artist of uncommon talent, perhaps a genius, then he and his work would already be well on their way to literary immortality.

In 1857, exactly one hundred years ago, Gustave Flaubert fulfilled these conditions most satisfactorily. For five years he had been toiling over various versions of a manuscript that was to tell a story of life in the French provinces. Driven by some inner compulsion, there were times when he would spend hours or even days on a single page striving to blend stylistic perfection, realistic observation, and psychological truth into a unified whole. The self-discipline involved was cruel and exacting but the result, of course, was that masterpiece of literary conscientiousness, "Madame Bovary." To the public prosecutor under the Second Empire it was something else again—a sordid tale of adultery imbued with a coarse and often shocking realism. Still, the sensational trial ended in Flaubert's acquittal and his complete vindication. In April 1857, the novel again appeared in print, this time entirely unexpurgated.

From our present vantage point it is easy to argue that "Madame Bovary," like "Don Quixote" and "Anna Karenina" for instance, is an important milestone in the history of the novel. This was not a widely accepted view in the nineteenth century. To be sure, popular success—which Flaubert acknowledged with Olympian indifference—was immediate; to the general reader here was a masterwork of wickedness offering into the bargain that peculiar attraction the dissecting room sometimes has for the layman. But critical reaction of the day was inclined to find the book's style objectionable, its contents both immoral and materialistic to the point of offensiveness. Sainte-Beuve, France's most distinguished literary critic, thought it well to write a feminine acquaintance: "I do not advise you to read that novel. It is too raw for the majority of women, and it would offend your feelings."

Slowly, however, an aura of the highest literary respectability began to settle over both Flaubert and "Madame Bovary.' True, certain scenes, clinical in nature—the author's father had long been director of a city hopsital—retained their shock value, and still do. The fact remained that readers on both sides of the Atlantic were becoming used to the fictional likes of provocative, restless Emma who paid so dearly for preferring high romance in the form of a well-to-do roué or an equally caddish lawyer's clerk to her adoring, well-meaning but stupidly dull country doctor of a husband. Upon reflection it was concluded that after all the novel was singularly devoid of the licentious. More valid reasons were now apparent for rereading the book as a whole and specific passages in particular. In the following instance an overwrought Madame Bovary has just poured out her infatuation for Rodolphe:

> Emma was like all his other mistresses; and as the charm of novelty gradually slipped from her like a piece of her clothing, he saw revealed in all its nakedness the eternal monotony of passion, which always assumes the same forms and always speaks the same language. He had no perception—this man of such vast experience—of the dissimilarity of feeling that might underlie similarities of expression. Since he had heard those same words uttered by loose women or prostitutes, he had little belief in their sincerity when he heard them now: the more flowery a person's speech, he thought, the more suspect the feelings, or lack of feelings, it concealed. Whereas the truth is that fulness of soul can sometimes overflow in utter vapidity of language, for none of us can ever express the exact measure of his needs or his thoughts or his sorrows; and human speech is like a cracked kettle on which we tap crude rhythms for bears to dance to, while we long to make music that will melt the stars.

By the turn of the century much had already been written about "Madame Bovary" and such passages as the above now assumed a multiple significance on the way to further appreciation of both novel and writer. First of all, the book no longer bore the stigma of being immoral. On the contrary, it was a highly salutary tale of the wages of sin, and Henry James, while extoling its literary merits, could say that it might be conceived as a Sunday school tract.

"MADAME BOVARY" has proved an enticing challenge to numerous translators wishing to present in English that gamut of ideas, emotions, and nuances already so well expressed in the original French. Few if any, however, have been so well qualified to meet this challenge as Francis Steegmuller. He is an able scholar, talented writer and exceptionally gifted translator. It seems as it should be that Mr. Steegmuller's excellent English version has come to mark the hundredth anniversary of one of the most famous French novels ever written.

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Healer of Minds

***"Heaven and Hardpan Farm," by Nancy Hale** (Scribners. 235 pp. $3.75), offers an extended visit to a country sanatorium patronized by ladies with mild nervous breakdowns.*

By Rosemary Carr Benét

THE Hardpan Farm that gives Nancy Hale the title for her new book is a country sanatorium or rest home, a rural retreat, designed to help ladies with mild nervous breakdowns. It consists of eight patients and the staff. "Just rich and spoiled," says one critic of its patients. "Nothing the matter with a one of them except thinking about themselves too much." The wise old Doctor in charge says cheerfully, "They're not crazy. Just neurotic." And unhappy, we might add. In any case, Miss Hale makes their ills, real and imaginary, very clear, presents them carefully, and defines them well.

Among those present at Hardpan Farm is hypochondriacal Miss Diggs, telling about her ailments and complaints with gloomy relish, convinced she is suffering from undulant fever. There are others less gloomy but nevertheless harassed, a prey to problems and fears. Then there is the staff: the ever-practical housekeeper, one mad, unhinged German nurse, another bossy psychiatric nurse, and presiding over all, calm, benignant and omnipotent, an overworked, elderly Doctor. We are told he looks like an old pussy-cat and he is like the voice of conscience to his patients. *They* worry about *him*. His is a God-like role. For these middle-aged ladies, "The Doctor had to be right or it was the end of the world." He dispenses wisdom and reassurance in large doses, by way of snatches of psychoanalysis and bits from his favorite authorities. "The Bible and the Bhagavad-Gita are the two works of psychology I value most," he says. His name is never mentioned. He is just the Doctor, in caps. "He was the key to the door that led out into life" for the ladies.

We get to know all these people down to their last crotchet. In fact, any reader who wants to know what life is like in such a sanatorium, without going into one, has only to read Miss Hale's book. There is, for instance, a war, a surge of rivalry, jealousy, and suspicion constantly going on between the introverts and the extroverts. The extroverts think that the introverts, who live appropriately in the lower depths, on the ground floor, are rude and gloomy. And they are. The introverts are convinced that their rivals are just as trying, "those hateful, featherbrained extroverts upstairs, for whom everything came so easy." We see them all through various fads and fancies and a few brainstorms, some mild, some serious. It is a feat on Miss Hale's part to keep quite a light touch throughout on so serious a subject. There is a light vein, yes, but there is also depth and understanding, a basic underlying sympathy, reinforced by good reporting and quite a bit of knowledge of psychoanalysis.

—*Sunny Knickerbocker.*

Nancy Hale—"depth and understanding."

My chief cavil is that the book is called "A Novel" on its jacket. It is not a novel, not in the sense that Miss Hale's long book, "The Prodigal Women," was a novel (and a good one). This is a collection of short stories or episodes, unified by the same setting. Almost all the material has previously been published as separate sketches in *The New Yorker*. Because of this, there is a certain amount of repetition, since some necessary explanation of the background had to go into each sketch. (We are told more than once that the Doctor looks like a pussy-cat.)

It is not strictly speaking a novel, but what does it matter since it is good of its kind? Miss Hale has an observant eye, an acute ear, and a gift for narrative. The country setting gives her a chance for some effective descriptions of nature. In collection these pieces are sometimes amusing, sometimes moving and, I am sure, always accurate in their reporting. Many readers will want to know that anonymous Doctor's name, for in spite of the usual disclaimer, this has an air of reality that is a

(*Continued on page 41*)

The Winners

SPRING is the season for awarding some important annual prizes in literature and the arts. In recent weeks the following awards were made.

The 1957 Pulitzer Prizes for works in the arts:

Fiction: No award.

History: **"Russia Leaves the War,"** by George F. Kennan (Princeton University Press).

Biography: **"Profiles in Courage,"** by John F. Kennedy (Harper).

Poetry: **"Things of This World,"** by Richard Wilbur (Harcourt, Brace).

Drama: **"A Long Day's Journey into Night,"** by Eugene O'Neill (Yale University Press).

Music: **"Meditations on Ecclesiastes,"** by Norman Dello Joio.

Special Citation: Kenneth Roberts.

•

The Bancroft Prizes for distinguished writings in American history were awarded to:

"Russia Leaves the War," by George F. Kennan (Princeton University Press).

"Wilson: The New Freedom," by Arthur S. Link ((Princeton University Press).

•

The Mystery Writers of America Prizes for the best works in the various fields of mystery, suspense, and crime writing were awarded to:

Best Mystery of the Year: **"A Dram of Poison,"** by Charlotte Armstrong (Coward-McCann).

Best First Mystery of the Year: **"Rebecca's Pride,"** by Donald McNutt Douglass (Harper).

True Crime: **"Night Fell on Georgia,"** by Charles and Louise Samuels (Dell).

•

The American Library Association presented its first Liberty and Justice Awards to:

Contemporary Affairs and Problems: **"The Organization Man,"** by William H. Whyte, Jr. (Simon & Schuster).

History and Biography: **"Harlan Fiske Stone: Pillar of the Law,"** by Alpheus Thomas Mason (Viking).

•

Imaginative Literature: **"Further Fables For Our Time,"** by James Thurber (Simon & Schuster).

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A New Perspective on World War II

***"The Turn of the Tide," by Arthur Bryant** (Doubleday. 624 pp. $6.95), based on the diary and observations of Field Marshal Lord Alanbrooke, is the first of two volumes that attempt to place the strategy of World War II in historical perspective. Here it is reviewed by Brig. Gen. S. L. A. Marshall, who was chief U. S. Army historian in the European theatre during World War II.*

By S. L. A. Marshall

"THE Turn of the Tide" is the first of two volumes written by Sir Arthur Bryant in an attempt to put the victory and the prevailing strategy of World War II in proper historical perspective so that credit will be given where due. In this thick volume, there is much about the war and still more about Sir Arthur's lion, Field Marshal Lord Alanbrooke. The theme is that Britain's C.I.G.S. was the balance wheel and mainspring of all Allied enterprise.

What comes of this voluntary undertaking to rescue a sterling soldier from an undeserved, if questionable, obscurity is extraordinarily difficult to define. It is not straight history, or biography, or memoir writing, but a merger of the three, retaining the most persuasive features of each.

Alanbrooke is not exactly the Unknown Soldier of World War II. He was relatively a shy violet among the earthshakers of his time. Of the main actors, he best succeeded in maintaining his role quietly.

Of his military merit there is no doubt. His decisions as Corps Commander enabled the 1940 retirement through Dunkirk. Then it became his part to return quickly to France and lead the forlorn hope in Brittany which folded before it could fight. Briefly, he commanded Home Defense when home was virtually defenseless. Then Winston Churchill picked him to be C.I.G.S. He had fought gallantly, and besides, Churchill respected his two brothers.

In the top assignment, Alanbrooke lasted the war. It was no sinecure, Churchill's pugnacious confidence in his own military judgments considered. In that respect, Gen. George C. Marshall was far more fortunately placed in his relations with F.D.R.

Alanbrooke was Britain's voice on the Joint Chiefs of Staff who directed the war's strategy. Among the lieutenants who gained authority in the field by his choice and with his backing were Alexander and Montgomery. These are splendid attainments. They bespeak Alanbrooke's capacity beyond any words which might be said to praise or bury him.

Sir Arthur's job on him is ambidextrous. In this bid to exalt Alanbrooke's reputation, he has laid low any lingering suspicion that his subject is by nature a modest man.

TO HIS task as advocate for Alanbrooke, Sir Arthur brings a glittering reputation for historical scholarship and a high talent for writing about war so that the tale moves without ever bogging in technical detail or slighting the warm human values. But some joker must have whispered in his ear: "Boy, remember you never lose anything in life by being a big claimer."

The book has already caused a furor in Britain. Military critics have damned it so roundly that they are not likely to take second thought in kindness unless Americans also hop on it. So let it be said that Sir Arthur's writing makes music though he is sloppy about reading notes. There is a line in John Buchan's memoir where he wrote of Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson: "He had a gift of making a situation more clear than God intended it to be."

What riles the British is that Alanbrooke is described as another all-seeing eye, all-knowing brain. His steadiness and impeccable judgments redeemed the headlong impulsiveness of Churchill, the stupidity of Lord Gort, the rashness of Old Monty. They also saved the Allied cause from the amateur follies of Gen. Marshall and the tactical ignorance of Gen. Eisenhower.

Now there is only one thing strange about the British protest. It is aimed at the hero figure, Alanbrooke, rather than at his Boswell, Sir Arthur. Maybe Alanbrooke asks for that. He partly covers Sir Arthur by writing a foreword which, in effect, endorses the whole as a sound and factual interpretation of his role. This, it decidedly is not. Space does not permit recounting wherein Sir Arthur's interpretation deviates grossly from historical accuracy. The examples are far too numerous.

Lord Alanbrooke—"relatively a shy violet."

But let's take one. Sir Arthur maintains that it was Alanbrooke's wise counsel mainly which restrained those mad Americans from invading France in 1942 or 1943 and then unleashed them in 1944 when it could safely be done.

WHAT he fails to say is that American pressure toward Normandy in those early years was a half-in-earnest counterfire to growing opposition in the British staff to invasion at any time. Alanbrooke dragged his feet all the way and right to the end had no confidence in Overlord.

Because of his habits, Alanbrooke was a pushover for a clever writer intent on writing a book which would glorify him. Like many another seemingly self-contained man, he had a

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hard task living with his emotions and found daily relief by becoming a prolific diarist.

When the heavens were falling, he waited until evening and put his fears, hopes, and discontents on paper. His wartime jottings, while frequently caustic and disdainful of his colleagues, do not reveal that he was uniquely prescient as to situational tides, though Sir Arthur insists that he alone understood the war. So far, so good. A war diary is not absolute proof of anything, though as a reflection of one man's thought, it has documentary validity.

Ten years afterward, however, Alanbrooke reread his diary. Then using it as a datum, he wrote another 500,000 words or so, amending, extending, and clarifying his original statements. Given time for reflection, with the gift of hindsight, he emerges as an oracle and inspired soldier-statesman, riding always above the storm. Well, who couldn't do so?

Sir Arthur has taken these two journals and given them equal weight in his interpretation. Each is quoted directly and both are used most deftly. At times the reader perforce strains to distinguish between the entry from the war journal and the later summing-up. These quotations are the substance from which the Alanbrooke character and role become redefined. His own words are continuingly interpolated in a well-spun narrative of the war's developments. It is an ingenious device, and Sir Arthur has played it to the hilt. Whether it is equally a legitimate exercise in historical writing is quite another question.

CODE OF THE GERMAN GENERALS: If the bomb that exploded in Hitler's headquarters on July 20, 1944, had killed the Fuehrer as it was meant to, the consequences for mankind might not have been very large. With both Russian and Allied armies in full tide of victory, the German conspirators—even had they been far more numerous and better organized—had scant opportunity to form a new government or find a basis for negotiating peace. The inevitable was already running full tilt down hill.

Historians of the war can thus ignore July 20; but historians of postwar Germany cannot. The hopelessly late and ineffectual attempt on Hitler's life has become the central drama of the myth that Nazism existed only in the person of Adolf Hitler. He was supported, so the mythmakers argue, by decent German generals only because they were so decent they could not break their soldiers' oaths. Duty-bound, the Army did Hitler's dirty work in political innocence. Only when it became clear that Hitler was wrecking the Fatherland was it possible and necessary for them to rebel. Only at that point did nominal treason become dedication to a higher patriotism.

It is an interesting and revealing thesis, expounded with subtlety and passion in Wilhelm Ritter Von Schramm's **"Conspiracy Among Generals"** (translated by R. T. Clark; Scribners, $3.95), the dramatic story of how the July conspiracy fizzled out in France where—so Von Schramm argues—it might have succeeded even though Hitler lived. Von Schramm, attached during the war as an historical officer to the supreme German army headquarters in France, writes about necessarily undocumented events of which he could have had only sketchy personal knowledge. His book is a convincing and exciting story filled with real people wearing rather negligently the halos arranged for them.

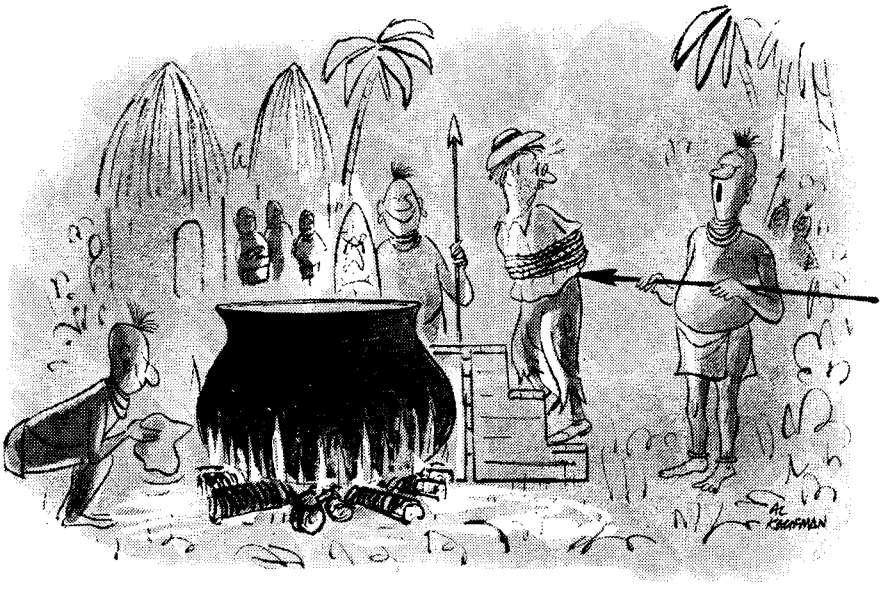
The trouble is that their world—or Von Schramm's—is small and stuffy, no bigger in fact than a German officers' club. In this club, finally, the transcendent moral issue is not whether honorable men shall sacrifice themselves in order to rid humanity of a monster but under what conditions the code of a gentleman remains consistent with obedience to a highly placed butcher. In failure, their ruling thought is not of the darkness ahead for ordinary people but of the risk that the members may fall out. Significantly the one thoroughly unsympathetic character in the book is Admiral Krancke, naval commander-in-chief, whose unforgivable sin is that he will not help the Army cover up its blunders and protect its own.

Defending the Army thus, Von Schramm's book is not likely to convince many American readers, or lessen suspicion of German militarism, or win sympathy for the caste system and aristocratic spirit that dominated the great German general staff. It succeeds in quite a different way. Better than any other book of such short compass it offers brilliant insight into the code and psychology of German military leaders, the more illuminating since the author is not always aware of what he is giving away.

—GORDON HARRISON.

HITLER'S LACKEY: New light is shed on some of the darkest corners of Hitler's Empire by Felix Kersten's **"The Kersten Memoirs"** (translated by Constantine Fitzgibbon and James Oliver; Macmillan, $5), with less pretension than most books of the genre. Dr. Kersten, a Finn, was Himmler's wartime manual therapist and massaged away his almost paralyzing stomach cramps; he also probed Himmler's mind, and his far-ranging conversations are recorded in this book. Kersten continually exploited his hold on Himmler in order to secure the release of some hapless victims of SS terror. Toward the end of the war, Kersten and Himmler conducted the most incredible negotiations, and the trusted masseur was even able to arrange for a meeting between a Jewish representative of the World Jewish Congress and the SS chief. As a consequence he saved the lives of tens of thousand of Jews and Allied nationals who would otherwise have perished in the last-minute, total extermination which Hitler and his henchmen had already planned and ordered. The authenticity of Kersten's "Memoirs" is vouchsafed by the

(*Continued on page* 43)



"Careful, the third step is loose."

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Two Experts Examine Alger Hiss's Story

Last week, writer Thomas E. Cooney summarized on these pages the content of a book which bids to become one of the season's most widely discussed offerings, "In the Court of Public Opinion," by Alger Hiss (Knopf, $5). This week SR has asked two authorities on different facets of the book, the one a lawyer and the other a typewriter expert, to analyze the book in light of their own specialties.

Reopen the Case?

By WAYNE K. BOULTON, *product analyst, Royal Typewriter Company.*

AS I read "In the Court of Public Opinion," I was particularly interested in the considerable amount of material it presented regarding typewriters. Mr. Hiss states three basic premises:

• *The first is that every typewriter is different.* As a typewriter man, I have seen ample evidence of the ways in which typewriters identify themselves. A typewriter will leave a "fingerprint" on a sheet of typewritten characters almost as reliable for identification purposes as a human fingerprint. What distinguishes one typewriter from another of similar make and type style? The alignment of the type, formation faults of individual characters, the condition of the cylinder and the ring and cylinder adjustment of the individual type—any or all of these will cause variations of printing that will individualize copy produced on a certain typewriter.

• *The second premise is that operators also have identifying characteristics that show up in the copy they type.* It is many times possible to distinguish between two letters typed on the same typewriter by two different operators. This is true because on a manual typewriter, differences in stroking techniques will result in identifiable differences in typewritten work.

• *The third premise is that from a typewritten specimen prepared on a particular typewriter, a typewriter mechanic can modify a typewriter of similar model so that the characteristics of the typewritten work from the original and the modified machines will be similar.* There is no question about the validity of this premise. Two relatively new typewriters may have differences in alignment and ring and cylinder adjustment as well as minor character differences. These typewriters can be adjusted by a qualified typewriter mechanic to produce typewritten work so closely identical that it would be most difficult to tell them apart.

According to the book, a considerable amount of the evidence used to convict Mr. Hiss was based on specimens purportedly typed by Mrs. Hiss on an old Woodstock typewriter. Similarities between damaged character impressions in copies of State Department papers and impressions made by the impounded typewriter seem to be open to question on two grounds:

1.) The characters cited as similar are made with type slugs attached to type bars on the impounded machines by a soldering process sharply different from and much more sloppy than that used for the other type bars on the same machine. Standards of soldering vary from one mechanic to another, and it would not be unusual, on a typewriter as old as the Woodstock in question, to have several resoldered type. However, it is a questionable coincidence that the resoldered characters are the same as those cited by the original typewriter expert as proof of similarity.

2.) According to Mrs. Evelyn S. Ehrlich, a typographic and forgery detection expert employed by Mr. Hiss after his conviction, there are many other differences between the presswork samples of the impounded typewriter and the State Department papers in evidence. Some of these differences are described in detail in the book and two or three of them are shown in magnified photographs. The lower case "m" and "u" have different design characteristics that can be readily seen. On the basis of Mrs. Ehrlich's investigation and the aforementioned photographs, the author contends that a deliberate attempt was made to alter the impounded typewriter so that it would have the same presswork characteristics as the one used to type the State Department papers. The attempt was not too professionally done because it concentrated on the successful alteration of a few characters and completely neglected several other characters that had visible differences. If this contention is correct, a major portion of the evidence used to convict Mr. Hiss would be invalidated.

—*Wide World.*

Alger and Priscilla Hiss, outside courthouse after his conviction.

One major obstacle to the accurate comparison of the type specimens has been the unwillingness of the prosecution to make available the originally typed State Department papers. Mrs. Ehrlich had to make her comparison from photo copies—a most unsatisfactory substitute.

The political overtones that surrounded the original trials are still very much in evidence in the text. In fact, the author in the closing paragraphs gives an emphatic endorsement of the New Deal, although throughout the book he decries the introduction of "power politics" and their unwarranted influence on judges and juries alike.

There is a tendency on my part to consider that this widely publicized Hiss-Chambers affair, complete with two trials, a conviction, and various appeals is "water over the dam." However, after reading this book and attempting honestly to evaluate the points made by the author, particularly those associated with typewriters, I would like to see another unbiased examination of the facts of this case.

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Let Bygones Be Bygones?

By C. DICKERMAN WILLIAMS,
member of the New York law firm of Maclay, Morgan & Williams and a close student of the Hiss case.

UNLIKE Whittaker Chambers's book "Witness," Alger Hiss's "In the Court of Public Opinion" is not an autobiography. It begins with the evening of August 2, 1948, when a reporter told Hiss that Chambers would name him as a Communist at a Congressional hearing the following day; and carries the story through the denial of Hiss's motion for a third trial.

Mr. Hiss has written with obvious care. His examination of the court record and available material has been microscopic. The style is somewhat legalistic, and the ordinary layman will not find it easy going.

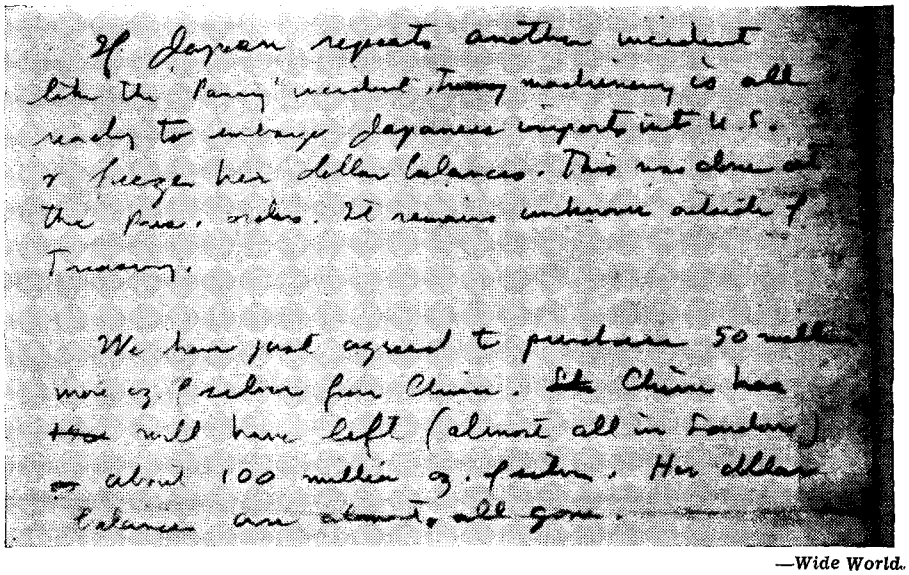
As is, I suppose, inherent in the situation, the book is tense and lacks detachment. It would be far more persuasive if Mr. Hiss, realizing that many of his readers would approach it with considerable reserve, had faced squarely some of the questions that inevitably occur. For instance, if he knew Chambers so very slightly as he maintains he did, and there were no friends or employer to vouch for Chambers, how does it happen that he let Chambers have his furnished apartment and car on such favorable terms? And why does he pounce so ferociously on relatively minor discrepancies between Chambers's testimony at the Congressional hearings in August 1948, and that at the trials, while brushing aside similar discrepancies in his own testimony on the ground that in August he had not had an opportunity to refresh his recollection?

Another characteristic of the book would seem to impair its value as a study of the case, if not as a brief. Among brief-writing lawyers, there are two schools of thought. One school simply ignores the evidence of the adversary; the other presents that evidence and attempts to rationalize it consistently with the writer's thesis. It is quite evident from "In the Court of Public Opinion" that Mr. Hiss belongs to the first school. Inconvenient facts are largely dealt with by the simple process of omission. A striking illustration of this technique is his treatment of the testimony by Dr. Carl A. L. Binger that Chambers was "psychopathic." Dr. Binger's affirmative testimony is adequately set forth, especially his extraordinary theory that Chambers's translation of Werfel's novel "Class Reunion" somehow showed that Chambers had falsely concocted his evidence against Hiss. But Mr. Hiss in no way describes Thomas Murphy's cross-examination of Dr. Binger, generally regarded as one of the most devastating in any great American trial, except to say that on prosecution's cross-examination, Dr. Binger "maintained" his diagnosis.

AGAIN, at the very start of the book, Mr. Hiss says that when told by a reporter on the evening of August 2, 1948, that Chambers at a hearing on the following day would call him a Communist, he "saw no reason why I or any one else should pay much attention." The implication is that he was then so secure in his innocence that he was unconcerned that he should be publicly described as a Communist. Only far later in the book and in the most partial and cryptic fashion does he reveal that rumors of his Communist affiliations had been so serious in 1946 that he had had a special conference on the subject with Secretary of State Byrnes and an interview, at his own request, with Assistant Director Tamm of the FBI; that the matter had been discussed between him and Mr. Dulles in 1947 at the time of his employment by the Carnegie Endowment; that, also in 1947, he was questioned by the FBI about his alleged Communist affiliations, and specifically about Chambers, among others; that the matter had been the subject of a further conference with Mr. Dulles in March 1948; and that he had been summoned before a Federal Grand Jury investigating Communist infiltration, also in March 1948. But this background is not put in context with the assertion that he received so calmly the news of Chambers's prospective testimony.

Mr. Hiss's account of his indictment by the Grand Jury is similarly incomplete. The term of the Grand Jury expired on Wednesday, December 15, 1948. On Friday, December 10, the foreman reported that the Grand Jury was unable to find an indictment. Mr. Hiss argues at some length that the change in the Grand Jury's attitude was due to improper pressure from the Un-American Activities Committee, especially Vice President Nixon, its most active member in this affair, and from Assistant Attorney-General Alexander M. Campbell, who was in charge of the Criminal Division of the Department of Justice. He does not disclose that on Monday, December 13, the FBI, independently of the Hisses, found a long letter typed by Mrs. Hiss. The typing matched that of the "Baltimore Documents," that is, the copies of the secret State Department papers, so-called because they were first produced by Chambers at Baltimore. It seems more probable that it was this fact, together with the other evidence, including the evasiveness that the Hisses had shown about their typewriter, that led the Grand Jury to reverse its position of a few days earlier and to indict. At least the reader might think so if provided with the additional information.

In emphasizing the publicity which his case received Mr. Hiss develops a subject that concerns many thoughtful people. Can a defendant have a fair trial after charges against him have been sensationally broadcast? The issue does not, of course, concern



—*Wide World.*

Memo alleged to be in the handwriting of Harry Dexter White, released by the House Un-American Activities Committee.

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Hiss alone. As the late Supreme Court Justice Robert H. Jackson said:

> But always, since I can remember, some group or other is being investigated or castigated here. At various times it has been Bundists and Germans, Japanese, lobbyists, tax evaders, oil men, utility men, bankers, brokers, labor leaders, Silver Shirts and Fascists. At times, usually after dramatic exposures, members of these groups have been brought to trial for some offense.

Indeed the problem arises whenever a prosecution is preceded by publicity, whether or not by way of Congressional investigation. My personal experience has been that courts are able to free themselves from the effect of publicity. After living with a case in a courtroom for days, seeing the principals, hearing the witnesses, and having the benefit of the lawyers' analyses, a judge and jury are little affected by the bedlam outside. Participants in highly publicized events tend to take pride in their superior knowledge. And in the Hiss case the published comment was sharply divided; his defense, according to my recollection, got far more space in the press than that given, say, Dave Beck's. Nevertheless the subject is rightly controversial.

The number and variety of officials Mr. Hiss more or less accuses of misconduct are considerable. Vice President Nixon and his associates are, of course, fair game. But what could be the motivation for unfairness on the part of Assistant Attorney General Campbell, a Fair Deal Democrat? Mr. Murphy was also a Democrat and, from the fact of his appointment, presumably a Democrat *persona grata* to the Truman Administration.

It is Mr. Hiss's criticism of the judiciary that is most dubious. Judge Henry W. Goddard, who presided at the second trial, was at the close of a long and honorable career. Mr. Hiss contrasts his rulings most unfavorably with those of Judge Samuel H. Kaufman at the first trial. He neglects to say that Judge Goddard made at least one important ruling in favor of the defense on a point on which Judge Kaufman had ruled adversely, the admission of Dr. Binger's testimony. Although it is true that this testimony boomeranged, at the time the ruling was made it was considered a great victory for the defense.

Mr. Hiss's indignation with Judge Harrie B. Chase, who wrote the opinion of the Court of Appeals, is another example of his techniques of emphasis and omission. Judge Chase is a Vermonter, unknown to the general public in New York or Washington. His fellow judges, who fully concurred in his opinion, were Judge Thomas W. Swan and Judge Augustus N. Hand. Judge Swan, a former Dean of the Yale Law School and a member of the Yale Corporation, is widely known. The late Augustus Hand, cousin and colleague of Judge Learned Hand, achieved national stature. Their concurrence is not mentioned, although Mr. Hiss does take the trouble in another part of the book to identify Judge Augustus Hand as the author of an opinion the principle of which he thinks was disregarded by Mr. Campbell. One is compelled to suspect that Mr. Hiss believed that the people likely to read his book would be less impressed by his criticism of Judge Chase if they knew it was equally applicable to Judge Swan and Judge Augustus Hand, but did not hesitate to avail himself of the prestige of Judge Augustus Hand to buttress his complaint against Mr. Campbell.

The principal contribution made by Hiss's book to the literature of the case is its exposition of the thesis presented by lawyers whom Mr. Hiss later employed to apply for a new trial—that the typewriter introduced as evidence at both trials by defense counsel as the Hiss typewriter and conceded to be the typewriter on which the Baltimore Documents had been copied was "a deliberately fabricated job . . . planted on the defense." The book quotes at great length from the motion papers, especially the affidavits of Chester T. Lane, the lead counsel on this application, and of various experts in typewriter, engineering, metallurgy, and document examination. Most dramatic was the production in open court of a fabricated typewriter. Its typing could be barely, if at all, distinguished from the papers unquestionably typed by Mrs. Hiss, called the "Standards" at the trials, or from the Baltimore Documents. Under all the circumstances, with the benefit of samples of typing from Mr. Lane's fabricated machine, two expert document examiners believed it possible that the typewriter found by defense counsel and identified by defense witnesses as the Hiss typewriter had not typed the Baltimore Documents. The project had been arduous and time consuming; Mr. Lane had had frequent setbacks because many experts in typewriter engineering and document examination had refused to assist; after a year he had succeeded.

Dr. Daniel Norman, a metallurgical analyst, declared that the typewriter "is not a machine which has worn normally since leaving the factory,

(*Continued on page* 44)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

"VAULTING AMBITION"

Ambitions are of all kinds—worthy, unworthy, and indifferent. Fanni Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, presents a mixture of fictional ambitions and asks you to identify the characters, and also the names of the books in which they appear and of the authors of those books. Answers on page 44.

1. He aspired to the presidency of the United States until he was told that his dead son had been a traitor in the Second World War.
2. Carried away with his success in erecting high towers on churches, he outdid himself when he put the highest of all atop his new home.
3. This son of a first-rate butcher was bent upon advancing from "not quite a gentleman" to "the correct article in the ways of society."
4. Fifty years of public life not being enough for this insatiable politician, he put forth a final effort to be re-elected mayor of his city at the age of seventy-two.
5. He was perfectly willing to deceive, betray, or even rob a dying old woman in order to obtain some fifty-year-old manuscripts of a deceased American poet.
6. He ardently set out to improve the world by reviving ancient customs of romantic chivalry.
7. His father having failed in his ambition to outwit nature in the creation of life, this young engineer took up where his father left off and managed to overpopulate the world with assembly line humans.
8. His heart set on becoming a dramatic motion-picture actor, this Illinois store clerk tried to imitate his idol, but the effect was so ludicrous he was offered the career of a great comedian.
9. He fought famine and scurvy in Alaska in order to get the gold he craved.
10. She scrimped and saved to buy a typewriter so she could support herself, thereby escaping from her too-successful overbearing husband.

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The Saturday Review

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Dialogue on Americans

THE European visitor and the good American were engaged in their endless argument about American "materialism." As usual they were getting nowhere. Certainly they were not saying anything new. Both got more heated as time went on because it was so evident that neither was making the slightest impression on the other.

The European said we didn't care about anything except money. He even revived the phrase "almighty dollar," which I hadn't heard since 1929. The American replied with our schools, our libraries, our hospitals and, of course, with European aid and Point Four. Both seemed so right and so wrong. But how could they be? Were they perhaps not talking about the same thing at all? If they were, how could one sane man see as white what to another sane man was as obviously black? There can't be that much to be said on both sides of the same question.

The American had facts and figures to demonstrate the generosity of his fellow countryman. Actually, figures are not necessary. It is obvious enough that no nation in all history ever before gave away so much in money or goods. More than a century ago Tocqueville noted with amazement the American private citizen's habit of getting together spontaneously with his fellows for the purpose of righting some wrong or relieving some need. He thought the phenomenon unique and he was probably right. Moreover, it has not only persisted but entered a new, international phase. We are almost as distressed by suffering and want in distant places as we are by distress and want at home. And almost as determined to do something about it. Point Four is philanthropy on a global scale. Charity, we say, may begin at home but it doesn't end there. We are determined to do good all over the globe.

The European visitor shrugs. He hints that we probably have low, ulterior motives. Materialists wouldn't be that generous, and since we are by premise materialists there must be a catch somewhere in all this generosity. However, he does not seem too convinced by his own argument. Though he doesn't quite admit the fact, he is more puzzled than anything else. Both European virtues and European vices are different from ours and he can't make us out.

WHAT really troubles him (and what might well trouble us too) is something he was not able to put into words and something the typical American has never felt any particular need to put into words because it does not strike him as a paradox. What that something is is simply this: Materialism and stinginess, thinks the European, inevitably go together—and in his experience they usually have. But generosity and materialism are not at all incompatible—as the whole panorama of the American temperament abundantly demonstrates. We are not materialists in the sense that we love money for its own sake. We are not misers. Instead we are spendthrifts, who lavish wealth on ourselves, on our families, on our fellow-citizens, and nowadays on the inhabitants of the four quarters of the globe. But we are materialists—general materialists—in the very simple sense that we believe everything worth having can be had if only we are willing to spend enough money to get it.

Nearly everything which makes American life both richer and poorer, both better and worse, than life in any other civilized community has ever been before goes back to the virtues and the limitations of our generous materialism. We believe, for example, in education—more passionately and more uncritically than any nation ever believed in it before. We believe in it so thoroughly that we are willing to spend prodigious amounts of public funds. In nearly every American community citizens vote to tax themselves at higher and higher rates to pay for the education of other people's children. But there are few to whom it ever occurs that putting more money into schools is not a sure way of getting more education, or that any deficiencies which happen to become manifest will not be remedied by putting more money into school buildings. Being convinced that you cannot have what you refuse to pay for makes us generous; believing that you will get what you pay for or, at least, that if you don't there is no other way of getting it constitutes materialism.

Your true American never misses an opportunity to make money. He assumes that no one else does either. Perhaps, therefore, we actually are more devoted to the pursuit of the dollar than most other nations are to their pounds, francs, or marks. But we are not particularly anxious to hold on to it when we catch it. Acquisitiveness, not miserliness, is our vice. We are very ready to forgive a man for doing whatever is necessary to make a profit. We are quite resigned, to take small examples, to having the symphony concert interrupted by a commercial or the highway disfigured by billboards. You can hardly expect anyone to forego a profit even if making it annoys everybody else. But you will expect the profiteer to give generously to charity and to vote for public improvements which will cost him much more than he personally will ever get out of them.

THE TRUE American is not being hypocritical when he tells you that he is frantically making money because he wants his children to "have all the advantages." He really does; and he will spend freely the money he made to buy these advantages. He is not a materialist in the sense that he is one who says that edu-

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cation, travel, fun, even "culture" are foolish frills. But he *is* a materialist in the sense that he is quite sure no child can have "advantages" without having money to pay for them, and almost as sure that if he does have money to pay he will have the "advantages." Thoreau thought money not required to buy one necessary of the soul. The typical American believes that no necessary of the soul is free, and that there are precious few, if any, which cannot be bought.

NONE of this is consciously cynical. If it were our civilization would not be the world's-wonder that it is: materially richer than any that ever existed before and providing a larger proportion of the population with a considerable share of that material richness than any other rich civilization ever did. In fact, our attitude is so far from being consciously cynical that not one American in ten can be made to recognize any inadequacy in "generous materialism" as a philosophy, a religion, or a way of life. He will call it merely realistic and practical; nothing more or less than "benevolence without humbug." He will sincerely suspect that anyone who does so much as hint at a qualification is seeking an excuse for denying the common people their proper share of material things. Tell him that man does not live by bread alone and he will accuse you of trying to find an excuse for denying somebody bread.

Only during the past 100 years have moral and social philosophers squarely faced the fact that it is easier—at least—to be law-abiding, well-educated and responsive to "the finer things of life" if you are not hungry and cold. Material welfare, they decided, is a *sine qua non* for welfare of any other kind. But most Americans have taken a further step which does not logically follow and, despite the fact that Europeans still blame us, they and the rest of the world are following us as well as they can. We have forgot that a *sine qua non* is not always the "one thing necessary" as well.

We take it for granted that when a people is well-housed, well-clothed, and well-fed then it will inevitably add unto itself all other desirable things—that is if there really are any others of importance. But in actual fact it just isn't turning out that way. The vast majority of our well-fed, well-housed, and well-clothed population has not turned toward intellectual or artistic pursuits, but has simply taken a greater and greater interest in even more food, even better houses, and even more expensive clothes. The more abundant its material riches have become the more thoroughly it has come to believe that only material riches count.

Take, for example, that question of the "standard of living" with which we are so greatly and no doubt properly concerned. If we are to use the term—and we do so use it—as an adequate measure of what used to be called "the good life," then the standard" should take account of all the factors which contribute to make a life good. Most people seem to assume that in actual practice that is just what it does do. But does it? Does anyone who uses the phrase ever mean anything which is not purely material?

Unfortunately, of course, no one ever says just what "the standard of living" includes. When we talk of that "cost of living," to which the "standard of living," is related we know exactly how it is measured. Government statisticians will tell us just what items are included in their tabulations, and just how each is weighted. But we say "the standard of living is steadily rising" without ever stating just what we mean. And we are satisfied with such imprecision because, for all practical purposes, we assume ourselves to be in perfect agreement. "Standard of living," we assume, means "real wages" and the amount of material necessities, conveniences, diversions, and luxuries they will buy. Would our standard of living seem so high or be so steadily rising if the standard involved any one of a number of other things which used to be considered a part of the good life? We know that our standard of material living is high. Ought we be so indifferent to everything else? That we do tend to be largely indifferent is the real justification for the European's charge that we are more "materialistic" than Europeans have yet got around to being.

A large brewery has recently been spending a lot of money on advertisements proudly informing the general public that government statisticians recently have added beer to the list of commodities whose retail price is to be taken into consideration when the cost-of-living index is computed. Beer, in other words, has been recognized as a staple requirement in a satisfactory life (and with that I have no quarrel). But suppose that to our unofficial index of the standard of

"I don't know what there is about it. I just get this feeling that if it works things'll never be the same around here!"

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living we were to add a few items than that of certain European populations that we pity. According to the results of a survey recently published by the American Institute of Public Opinion 61 per cent of those interviewed had not read a book during the past year. Comparison with a similar study made two years ago in other English-speaking countries produces these figures: in England 55 per cent of the population reads books; in Australia 34 per cent; in Canada which have at least as much right to be called factors in the good life as beer has to be considered a factor in a satisfactory physical life. Suppose we included, for example, the reading of books, and made the modest assumption that people who read books do have to that extent a somewhat higher standard of living than those who don't. How would we stand?

The answer is, apparently, that we would not stand so very well. So far as that one factor is concerned our standard of living is a good deal lower 31 per cent; in the United States 17. And this despite the fact that the average Englishman has had far less schooling and far less money spent on a so-called education.

Just how "reading" should be weighted in compiling our standard of living I do not know. Therefore, I do not know just how far the Englishman's greater ability to find satisfaction in books would cancel out the much larger *per capita* supply of automobiles, television sets, and bathtubs in the United States. But ability to read should count for *something,* and it is certainly not true that in all respects the "standard of living" is higher here than it is anywhere else.

WHAT other items might be included—besides, of course, the other obvious intellectual and artistic aspects of contemporary life? The interest and satisfaction taken in the work by which a living is made? Freedom from financial worries—which depends upon the management of income as well as upon "real wages"? Opportunity to escape overcrowding? The extent of those inner resources which make leisure something more than a blank which only diversion can fill?

The late Aldo Leopold once spoke of a minority for whom "the opportunity so see geese is more important than television, and the chance to see a pasque-flower is a right as inalienable as free speech." Perhaps that minority is too small to demand recognition in an index. But there are quite a few things which are important to the happiness of a considerable number of people but which are not commonly thought of as a part of the "standard of living."

Is it too much to hope that some statistical sociologist will take up the suggestions here offered? There are a lot less important things for which indexes and "methods of evaluation" have been publicly proposed. If we are going to assume that a high standard of living is the *summum bonum,* then we oughtn't be as vague as we are when it comes to letting it be known what we mean by a standard of living. We ought to know in what direction we are going and just how rapidly we are moving. We might decide that where we are going is not precisely where we would like to go.

We might even decide that two chickens in every pot, two cars in every garage, and no book in any living room does not suggest a standard of living as high as one of each would. —JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH.

The Hindu Painter Prepares to Paint

By Hayden Carruth

FIRST he must go where
Not even the birds will brave his solitude,
Some cave or sunburnt plain, to try his mood
In silence. Prayer
Will help him to begin
Perhaps, or tell him if after all tomorrow
May not be better. Alas, his fecund sorrow
Is genuine.
Then the sevenfold
Office, the chanting of the hundred names,
The offering of flowers, none the sun shames
But marigold
Of his imagination,
Jasmine of the pure mind, pure for the host
Of Brahma: he says his uttermost
Foliation,
Aspect. Death and birth
Is one, Siva is one, Siva is all,
Dancing in the abyss of the painter's soul.
But now the earth
And the painter's ancient dolor
Draw him away from the nothing of the reflected
Reality to the form of the god projected
In line and color.
His sadness is like the itch
That brings his fingers back: out of the many
Loves that preceded his pure ceremony
There is one which
Denies the formless, paints
False stiff-legged Sivas, unreal, dressed
In the green flesh of love and beauty, lest
The loveless saints
Alone find joy. For his
Is love's penalty. To fashion even
This mimic Siva, he denies the heaven
Where Siva is.
He whispers, he merely thinks,
Thinking the perfect petals of the world.
And now he calls his mind to the four in-curled
Ideas, sinks
Through the four phases
Of infinity to the abyss. Die,
World. Sunburnt grasses, fade. The white sky
Turns on its huge axis
Under him; all is lost,
Fingers, heartbeat, the singing brain, gone,
Fused resplendently in the shining one
That shimmers, posed
In the wide abyss
Where Siva dances. Oh many-armed with mace
And sword! No wrath on that impassive face
Nor mark of bliss
Explains a god's destructive
Force, the cataclysmic sweep of being;
No joy courses that equal lust for freeing
Life, the productive

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

JEANS TO POINCARÉ

In the interesting and thought-provoking article "How Social is Science?" (*SR* Apr. 27) Poul Anderson has wrongly attributed to Sir James Jeans the statement that a heap of unorganized facts is no more a science than a heap of bricks is a house. The observation was originally made by Henri Poincaré: "Le savant doit ordonner; on fait la science avec des faits comme une maison avec des pierres; mais une accumulation de faits n'est pas plus une science qu'un tas de pierres n'est une maison."

Fred Calvelli.

Montara, Calif.

NO APPRECIATION

The article was very helpful. I think it would be a fascinating study if some writer investigated why certain inventions were not applied at certain times. For example, as Mr. Anderson suggests, with a supply of chattel slaves the Greek inventors found no appreciation of their primitive steam engine. That would be one part of the study.

Mark Starr.

New York, N.Y.

UNCONSCIOUS CHANGE

After telling us concisely what constitutes science, what the difference is between science and technology, what is known of the development of science, and what effect language may have on the development of science, Anderson suggests that the scientific enterprise and what scientists investigate depend on the society and that "we might take a little thought before changing the conditions of the society too much." This assumes that we are aware of the changing conditions in society and that we are, in fact, "conscious" engineers of any change. And this is based on the broader assumption that we have a satisfactory knowledge of human behavior. We do not. A science of human behavior now is at the same point in its development as physics was at the time of Kepler.

Robert E. Wright.

Iowa City, Iowa.

LONG REST FOR R & H

Robert Lewis Shayon is to be commended for not writing in dread of the reputations of the Messrs. Rodgers and Hammerstein (*SR* Apr. 27). As a viewer and a fairly intelligent person, I have rarely been as insulted as I was by R & H. Even Betty Furness has more respect for her viewers than R & H seem to have. "Cinderella" was not designed for televiewing; it was just that its creators were afraid of presenting it on Broadway. The plot was dull, the characterizations were duller, and, if you will forgive the pun, the music was dulles': it flitted here, it flitted there, it never once was really marked by clarity, not to mention quality.

Frankly, I think that Rodgers and Hammerstein need a long, long rest.

Harvard Hollenberg.

New York, N.Y.

"Please look pleasant. In a moment you may resume your normal expression."

MISSPENT TALENTS

I must register my eager agreement with Shayon in characterizing "Cinderella" as a "wonderless bore." Perhaps the critics were compelled to acclaim it for, by now, it is well-nigh sacrilegious brazenly to dislike anything by the two maudlin millionaires. But then, the R & H "Cinderella" shouldn't be unduly criticized for failing to deliver as promised by the advance sounding of trumpets. What ninety-minute mish-mosh *does* live up to advance notices? Indeed, "Cinderella" is but one in a long line of wonderless bores fondly referred to in the trade as "spectaculars"; but "spectacle" seems a more apt judgment of these one-hour or ninety-minute parades of misspent talents.

Bill Bennett.

Muskegon, Mich.

TOO SHORT

Professor Marshall Fishwick had some fascinating thoughts as he flew from Washington to Richmond (*SR* Apr. 13). but I rather doubt that he had them within the span of time he indicates. I very much doubt that he did really fly from "Washington to Richmond in a quarter of an hour," even with the plane being nearly five minutes late. The flying time from Washington to Richmond is more nearly forty minutes, I find. Let us hope, however, that Professor Fishwick takes many more such trips, and that they all inspire him to some equally provocative thoughts.

Robert Roy Wright.

New York, N. Y.

A VISIT FOR MODISANE?

I have just today read "The Man Who Didn't Come to Dinner" (*SR* Apr. 20). As I read line after line I kept thinking how wonderful it would be if Mr. Modisane could come to our country. Then I came to the paragraph wherein he stated his desire to do just that. It would be fine. He seems to have so much to offer.

Hazel M. White.

Kansas City, Mo.

MORE REPORTS

We hope NC visits some other countries in Africa and that we can have his analyses in *SR*. We should know more about the prospective explosive developments in the more than forty different countries of Africa.

James Corry Ellington.

Galveston, Tex.

PUBLISHER'S CONTRIBUTION

I enjoyed the article and have a suggestion to make. Doubtless the widow, like all proud women, would dislike "charity." Instead, why don't the publishers of Henry Nxumalo's book send her, instead of just the royalties, all the profits over and above their expenses? That would be a good piece of publicity on their part and enhance the sale of the book.

Pamela Harnett.

Chicago, Ill.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Requiem for a Roué

EUGENE O'NEILL's genius for naturalistic playwriting finally led him into writing long works in which people—as in life—say the same things a dozen times; in which people—as in life—do not change; and in which people—as in life—peel off the shams of pride to arrive at a moment of short-lived serenity, and then rush back to other protective shams. This is the pattern of his final play, **"A Moon for the Misbegotten,"** which though it has played successfully in Stockholm and Berlin is only now having its New York premiere.

Unfortunately, this American production instead of strengthening the bonds of love, anguish, and humor which tie James Tyrone, Jr., Josie Hogan, and her father together, spends too much of its energy on less essential matters. To tell us she is a messy and unlovely farm girl Wendy Hiller works frantically at contorting her face, walking in grotesque postures, and speaking in a slightly cockney accent that cannot help but remind us of her Liza Doolittle in the film, "Pygmalion." As her father, Cyril Cusack supplies the exact physical appearance and accent of the peppery, little Irish farmer, but he employs an unusual technique in which he seems to drift away from the activities onstage only to snap suddenly back in when his line is due. As a result, the first half of this production is—except for one moderately effective comic interlude when Josie and Phil play a practical joke on their rich neighbor—pretty much characterization and conversation. And we find ourselves drowsily tuning in and out on the play.

It is only when Franchot Tone, as the drink-sodden half-dead James Tyrone, enters to keep his date with Josie that "A Moon for the Misbegotten" comes to life. Miss Hiller now forgets her eccentric characterization and begins to play the gradual unfolding of an unattractive woman allowing herself the risk of confessing her love and exposing her need to be loved in return. And Mr. Tone rises to the performance of his career as the man who has sought out evil as an antidote to his own incapacity to have fine emotions towards those he should feel deeply about. Indeed, he exhibits a spark of greatness when he suddenly bursts into anger at Josie for pretending to be a slut. And the love that they finally arrive at is a love beyond the temporary gratifications of shared bodily pleasures. For sexual intercourse only rakes up James Tyrone's guilt-ridden past. His radiant moment of love consists of being held asleep in the arms of Josie, who gives him the understanding affection he needed but never got from his mother. Josie's final lines, spoken beautifully by Miss Hiller, mean even more because we sense O'Neill speaking to his dead brother: "May you have your wish and die in your sleep soon, Jim darling. May you rest forever in forgiveness and peace."

William Pitkin has come up with some excellent morning sky effects that carefully refrain from being too showy, but at the same time reinforce the poetry that lies underneath the squalid surface. Perhaps with a bit more time the cast also will find more of the play that lies beneath O'Neill's words. Only then will it create a full stage world for fellow misbegottens, as did the Jose Quintero productions of "Long Day's Journey Into Night" and "The Iceman Cometh." In the meantime, even the flickering satisfactions of the second half of this performance will make a visit to the Bijou Theatre a rich and memorable experience.

"The First Gentleman" has about it the conventional appeals of romance and regality plus a recurring pattern of ironies that give it a dramatic punctuation. This combination in the hands of that skilful and stylish actor, Robert Morley, proved so popular to London audiences a decade back that Norman Ginsbury's play ran close to two years there.

Yet in its American production it seems little more than a sketchy chronicle of King George IV's attempts to interfere with the marriage of his daughter, the Princess Charlotte. Director Tyrone Guthrie puts the accent on explosive farcical detail, and allows actor Walter Slezak to play George as a buffooning boor. The action is thus reduced to one repeated joke, the preposterous self-centredness of a dissolute monarch. Even Charlotte's death seems to exist only to prove that no conceivable human consideration could affect this monstrously self-indulgent ruler.

With this sort of treatment, Mr. Ginsbury's attitude towards his story remains unclear. We neither despise George for his ruthlessness, nor do we sympathize with him for his inability to have warm human relationships. What we are left with is a mildly amusing portrait of a vain man.

As the center of attention, Walter Slezak plows through the dialogue as if it were all comic material that he must constantly make funny. Looking every pound the king, his outrageous confidence demands our laughter. Yet one misses the kind of modulated delivery that could make the play's cautious wit sparkle. One also misses the elegance that earned George IV the title of "Europe's first gentleman." In the subsidiary roles, Inge Swenson brings fresh beauty and unbridled enthusiasm to the part of Charlotte. When she isn't pirouetting she's skipping, and when she isn't skipping she's bouncing. Isobel Elsom adds a theatrical highlight as Charlotte's disenfranchised mother, and Peter Donat manages to be noble without also appearing smug as Charlotte's husband.

Ralph Alswang has designed sets which are both practical and lush, and director Guthrie has contributed some fine directorial touches such as seating the King on a hobby horse as he takes advantage of Charlotte's naivete. Yet he somehow fails to organize the rambling events of "The First Gentleman" into a meaningful story on the one hand, or a laugh riot on the other.

DUBLIN.

THAT tiny Ireland should be the source of such theatre talents as America's greatest playwright (O'Neill), Britain's greatest modern playwright (Shaw), and the world's greatest living playwright (O'Casey), would seem more than sufficient excuse for a patriotic celebration, and so it is that Dublin this week begins its first annual theatre festival. Following Edinburgh's example the festival will have its international treats, which include the Sadler's Wells Ballet, Jean Vilar's Theatre Nationale Populaire, and the European English-language premier of Tennessee Williams's "The Rose Tattoo" (Ireland has no theatre censorship, though the play's most important prop will have to be smuggled past the sodality). There will also be a new British production of Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest."

More exciting to the visiting theatregoer will be special productions of O'Casey's "Juno and the Paycock" and Synge's "Playboy of the Western World" by the renowned Abbey The-

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atre, and Michael MacLiammoor in Denis Johnston's "The Old Lady Says No" at the Gate Theatre. A late night revue parodying local events and a program of Yeats plays rounds out the home schedule.

While the casual tourist will probably spend a lot of his time wandering through the green Irish countryside, the serious theatregoer will be well-advised to visit the foyer of the old Abbey Theatre, where playwright-director Lennox Robinson will give afternoon talks. For this year will probably be the last in which one can see the historic old building whose auditorium was partially destroyed by fire in 1951, as next year the Irish Government plans to raze the building preparatory to constructing a new theatre on the same site.

Festival director Brendan Smith has done a remarkable job of assembling this first festival on seven months notice amid the big-talk-but-no-money atmosphere that invariably surrounds the beginnings of such projects. "Eventually," he says, "we would like to commission new plays from important Irish authors. And if we could hold the festival in mid-September we might get more star attractions to premiere here on their way to London, just as they do in Edinburgh."

A visit to a typical Abbey production revealed the current and, it is hoped, temporary dilemma this famous organization is facing. Because it must use the large Queens Theatre for the time being, it has the twin problems of attracting mass audiences and devoting itself to producing plays of Irish life. Thus, it finds itself performing a great many new and popular but not very high-quality melodramas. When asked why the Abbey preferred such fare to the later and unproduced plays of O'Casey, the Abbey's managing director, Ernest Blythe, gave this interesting explanation. "While O'Casey's later plays may be better than most of the ones we do, audiences here expect more from O'Casey and would be disappointed to find his later plays not as good as 'Juno and the Paycock' or 'The Plough and the Stars.' But they expect less from our other writers."

For all its dilemma, the Abbey remains a good permanent acting company and the stimulus of festival-commissioned plays from Sean O'Faolin, Elizabeth Bowen, and others would seem to be just what the doctor ordered. For the daily rush of colorful language, humor, and rebellious spirit in working-class Ireland still furnishes material galore, not so much for high-toned cultural exercises as for earthy festivity.

–Henry Hewes.

TV AND RADIO

A Small Frequency for the Muse

ROSE ORENTE, a young New Yorker who writes publicity for John Wiley and Sons, publishers of scientific and technical books, has been writing poetry since she was eight years old. Steadily, across the years, she has submitted her poems, several thousand of them, to the nation's leading magazines, but she has never been published except in vanity magazines, who occasionally have accepted her work but never paid her for it. To her credit Miss Orente also has three novels—unpublished. Last October this persistent collector of rejection slips found in her mail a blue brochure: an official entry blank for a verse-play contest sponsored jointly by CBS Radio and the Academy of American Poets. The prizes for win-place-and-show were $500, $300, and $200, plus a $300 fee for the winning broadcast.

The poetess was not so much attracted by the prize money as she was by the presence on the trio of contest judges of one of her favorite writers, Thornton Wilder (Maxwell Anderson and Brooks Atkinson were the other two). She completed the entry blank, set about looking for a subject, and by February 1, 1957 (the contest closing time), she had mailed her typed, double-spaced manuscript suitable for twenty-seven minutes of broadcast time, accompanied by "a proper return stamped envelope." Two-and-one-half months later, on April 14, the CBS Radio Workshop presented "Carlotta's Serape," a verse-play by Rose Orente, first prizewinner.

My first probing question (on lunching shortly afterwards with this winner) was, "How do you account for the fact that after years of your failure to receive recognition as a poet, three prominent American men of letters unanimously chose your verse-play for first honors out of a list of 167 official entries in the contest, including the work of some highly regarded poets?"

Miss Orente's explanation was that she had recently completed a four-year psychoanalysis by a specialist in writer-patients. Her analysis has enabled her to understand that, while consciously she had always sought success as a poet, unconsciously all her creative efforts had been governed by a desire not to sell. Her characters, she feels, are now psychologically valid. Furthermore, now she is able to revise her work, whereas formerly she was incapable of editing. The impact of her analysis on Miss Orente's poetry extends even to the theme of her prize-winning verse-play. "Carlotta's Serape," mostly a dialogue in a Mexican marketplace between an old weaver and a girl who has had several unhappy love affairs, is, in a sense, a therapy administered by a wise old man to a young woman who uses misery as a self-inflicted goad. "What unnatural laws you follow!" says the old weaver to Carlotta, as they bargain over the sale of the serape. "They win you only pain." In the end the sale is completed; Carlotta has gained some maturity.

If Miss Orente's new approach to the muse is heavily psychoanalytical, the three judges of the CBS Radio-Academy of American Poets contest responded to her winning verse-play in more conventional terms. "A charming idea!" commented one judge. "This seems to me to be pure art," ruled another. "It has a sensitive, thoughtful idea, and the writing, I think, is beautiful." As a radio play, this listener found it rather haunting and fragile but static. Three veteran radio actors played it. Technically, the actors "taped" the play first without a music background, which was later dubbed in. This is a production error, especially in a verse-play, which gains much from the evocation of a mood. Actors invariably derive important help from the presence and the immediacy of a score.

"Carlotta's Serape" represents the first brush the Academy of American Poets has had with radio. Mrs. Hugh Bullock, the Academy's president, thinks there ought to be at least one regular network program devoted to poetry. The president is right, of course. The new TV generation, growing up, allegedly turns more and more to radio, chiefly as background for homework and reading. Today's youth will never know the excitement of hearing the rich verse-plays of Archibald MacLeish, Stephen Vincent Benet, and Norman Corwin, when American radio drama strode across the air-waves to do battle with Nazis and Fascists. But today's poets have their own original testaments to articulate—clinical or otherwise, what matter, so long as they be alive. Let's leave one small frequency of American radio for the muse—amid disc-jockeys and soapsuds.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Kenya Violence

IN **"Something of Value"** M-G-M hasn't done badly at all in developing the background of the Mau Mau risings in East Africa, and while what is presented hasn't much in the way of shock value any longer —the phase of violence in Kenya has subsided—the problems look, unfortunately, to be enduring ones. One of the best scenes in the movie shows an aged leader of a colored community on trial because he has killed a baby that emerged from the womb feet first. With sweet reasonableness he tries to explain why the act was necessary and with just as much reasonableness (from the white point of view) he is put in jail for the crime. Isolated scenes of this sort stand out, and give the movie distinction; when it comes to dealing with human relationships it is weak and unconvincing.

This happens, I think, because none of the characters is developed in much depth. Rock Hudson's Peter McKenzie is a young African rancher who grew up with a handsome, intelligent Negro called Kimani, well-portrayed by Sidney Poitier. Suddenly they realize (and at a fairly advanced age for such realizations) that their friendship is menaced by color barriers and distinctions. They each go their own way, Kimani to the Mau Mau, and McKenzie to fight the Mau Mau and protect the white community and evidently the God-given right of the British to maintain their land holdings in Africa. This thin story (along with a pallid romance between Rock Hudson and Dana Wynter) is hardly capable of much dramatic impact, and by the end becomes embarrassingly symbolic. Eventually McKenzie and Kimani meet again, and while McKenzie pleads for understanding, Kimani falls to his tortured death in a trap of his own devising. As if this symbolism wasn't enough, Rock Hudson is next seen carrying Kimani's child on his shoulders, presumably to bring him up as his own.

But if the story hasn't much point or much sense, there is nevertheless some good acting by Juano Hernandez as a Mau Mau leader, and what look to be authentic scenes of native life and conditions. There are also several murders and atrocities strewn throughout the picture (in the interests of truth and, I suppose, out of respect for Robert Ruark's novel, on which the movie was based). Rock Hudson is, of course, Rock Hudson, a mild, good-looking man who seems to go through his movie life always bearing a magnificent obsession.

* * *

In **"Reach for the Sky"** that first-rate British actor, Kenneth More, has himself a plum of a role as Wing Commander Douglas Bader, the legless wonder and hero of the Battle of Britain. Bader's story is one of boundless determination and courage, and the movie, which has won all sorts of British honors, sticks to these themes tenaciously, allowing now and then some time out for romance, high jinks, and well-photographed flying scenes. The accident that lost Bader both his legs occurred during a stunt-flying episode in 1931. Bader stayed in the Air Force, though grounded, and when war came was allowed to fly again. This sort of story is exactly right for the stiff-upper-lip school of movie-making at which the British excel. And Kenneth More is exactly the sort of devil-may-care type to play it. If we didn't know in advance that the material was true, we might have assumed that things were getting a bit thick. As it is, one is touched and impressed pretty much throughout.

* * *

In **"The Garment Jungle"** Lee J. Cobb runs a dress factory dedicated to the principle that the union will never contaminate his open shop, and in furtherance of this ideal pays off a quarter of a million a year to racketeers. Meanwhile, Robert Loggia, dedicated union organizer, is going to organize that shop if it takes him his life. It does. But he leaves behind a beautiful widow (Gia Scala) who catches the eye of the factory owner's son, and it isn't long before the open shop and Lee J. Cobb are dead. Slinking around through this contrived, clumsily written and directed mess is Valerie French, glamorous fashion buyer, who has little to do or say except things like: "I wish you two would try to understand each other." Miss this one, if you can.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Festival Casals—Walton Concerto

—*Columbia.*

Serkin, his son Peter, flautist Goldberg, and violinist Schneider.

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO.

THE Free and Associated State of Puerto Rico has been energetically transforming its island from a listless, poverty-blighted sugar producer into an alert, cosmopolitan industrial community. Last winter in a New York exhibition it showed how painting was benefiting from the regeneration program (it is called, for better or worse, *Operation Bootstrap*), and now it has turned its attention with gratifying thoroughness to music. The opportunity was presented when the great Spanish cellist Pablo Casals was persuaded to come here, where his mother was born, and it was fulfilled with enormous success even though Casals was himself disabled by a heart attack.

It is high time the government turned to music, for whatever musical culture Puerto Rico possesses is fast evaporating under the heat of industrialization and a new way of life. Puerto Rico is about as musical as the next Caribbean island, which is to say very musical indeed. But for all the dancing and singing hereabouts, there is no resident opera company and no symphony orchestra worthy of the name.

Before the juke-box took over the island's music-making, every village crowded its park for Sunday afternoon band concerts and every parlor had a piano where the TV now stands. In place of the native literature of pretty Chopinesque pieces called "danzas" turned out by Juan Morel Campos before the Spanish-American War, the island boasts one pianist of international reputation, Jesus María Sanromá; a soprano who has appeared at the Met, Graciella Rivéra; and the able University Chorus. The arrival of the wonderful music presented by the Festival Casals should have a heavy impact.

To implement its festival, the insular Government of Puerto Rico contributed $75,000, to be spent through the American Federation of Labor, which has a local here. The University, another state-supported organization, spent another $35,000 on a multifaceted sound shell to improve the acoustics in its 2,300 seat theatre. Columbia Records, which provided financial support for the first Casals Festival in Prades, had virtually all the instrumental soloists safely under contract and the stage was festooned with microphones. Thanks to professional promotion all seats were sold a week before the opening, about a third to North Americans.

Perhaps the orchestra was too starry-eyed to notice that Don Pablo was perspiring more and more profusely as he led them through Schubert's Symphony No. 5 at the first rehearsal. Abruptly he dismissed them and stepped down painfully from the podium. When it was known he could not carry on, festival authorities met in a desperate council and decided to have Alexander Schneider, closely associated with all the Casals Festivals since 1950, lead the music from his seat as concertmaster. Invidious comparisons, and adulteration of the festival's theme which might follow the hasty engagement of a fill-in conductor, were thus avoided. Out of sheer dedication, the orchestra transformed itself from a heterogeneous group of crack musicians into an inspired ensemble.

Among the several high points of the week, the first night provided the highest in the Schubert symphony that had seen Casals's attack. The musicians played over their heads, exalted by the incredible flow of melody on melting melody. Before, Rudolph Serkin gave a thoughtful, thorough performance of Mozart's D minor concerto, and later in the week M. Horszowski's satiny legato earned prolonged cheers for his playing of the B flat concerto. Tiny Maria Stader's soprano was well received, but her voice had insufficient variety of color and barely enough agility for the Bach in which she was heard. In all, despite other shortcomings, "El Festival Casals" would have been a laudable event anywhere. One does not expect profound new insights into Schubert, Mozart, and Bach from a conductorless orchestra. Visitors to the Festival Casals were delighted that Schneider and his men played it rather than embalmed it.

—CARTER HARMAN.

SIR WILLIAM WALTON'S cello concerto had the strong services of Gregor Piatigorsky, who commissioned it, when it was heard for the first time in New York at a Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra concert conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos. A work of rather different character than those he has written previously for violin and viola, it is mostly personal musings on this and that—mostly the fact that the cello literature has too few works in which the instrument can sing its own kind of cantabile.

Some may contend that the lyric sentiments are left over from "Troilus and Cressida," which would, however, not be the first time a composer colored two more-or-less contemporary works with the same brush. Nor is it in any way discreditable, if the results are as suitable for the purpose as they are here. A slow opening, a scherzo-minded second movement, and a theme-and-variations finale, with a return to the opening to round out the design, add to a work of strength, ear appeal, and intellectual discipline. Aside from some sticky intonation in the first movement, Piatigorsky played with a foster-father's pride in his offspring, vicarious though it is.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Fiery Warrior for the Gospel

"Billy Graham," by Stanley High *(McGraw-Hill. 274 pp. $3.95), is a prominent journalist-editor's study of the North Carolina evangelist who has become a world figure during the past few years and who will, on May 15, come to New York City for some widely-heralded evangelistic meetings. Mack Morriss, our reviewer, edits a newspaper in Elizabethtown, Tenn.*

By Mack Morriss

BILLY GRAHAM assumes the proportions of an international figure and sobering symbol of a mid-century struggle in a new study by Stanley High. The North Carolina evangelist, erstwhile pulpit fireball, is tracked from an ordinary Southern upbringing to the extraordinary place he now holds in Protestant Christendom. He has preached to 20 million people, effecting one million "decisions for Christ," and has passed from a Gabriel-in-gabardine status to a more thought-provoking one.

"How do you explain your success," a reporter is quoted asking Graham.

"The only explanation I know is God."

"But why did God choose you?"

"When I get to Heaven, that's the first question I'm going to ask Him."

Mr. High's book does not anticipate God's answer. It does go beyond the routine journalistic coverage of Graham to document a remarkable success story, told in the words of individuals among the polyglot masses to whom Graham has preached, of religious leaders, and of an often awed world press. It is at its warmest and keenest when it quotes Ruth Graham's quick, happy letters home describing her husband's triumphs for their Lord.

While hardly an objective biography, "Billy Graham" manages to control the gee-whiz pitch. The result is a presentation in which the thirty-eight-year-old preacher acquires a dignity heretofore missing, if not in the preacher, in the spectacle of "revival" evangelism's entry, via modern facilities, into earnest competition for the world's ear.

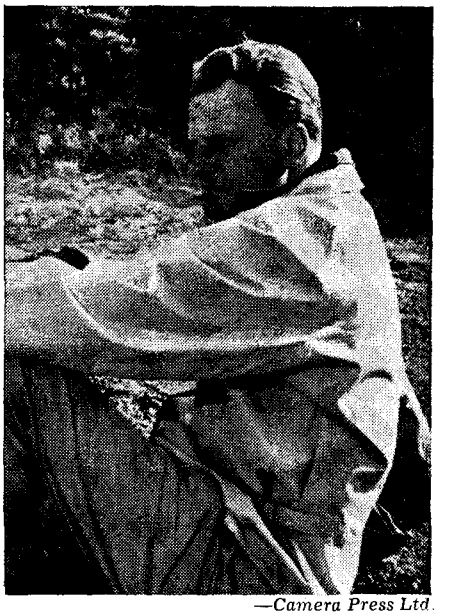
Who Billy Graham is and what he is are no longer of consummate interest once the question of sincerity is answered. A larger consideration, now that Graham has crossed oceans and language barriers, demands attention. In 1954 he launched his first major "crusade" abroad; in seventy-two days 40,000 English responded affirmatively to his appeal. A single audience numbered 120,000.

Last year Ruth Graham wrote her parents of a service in Switerland:

> ". . . Over 18,000 people were gathered. Over a thousand made decision. Everywhere people have said, "It can't happen here." London, yes. But not Glasgow. The Scots are too dour and reserved." "Scotland, yes," they said in Paris. "But never in Paris. You don't know the French." In Zurich they said, "The fun-loving French? Yes, they might respond. But never in Zurich. The German mind, you know." And here in Geneva again they said, "Not here. This is the intellectual headquarters, so to speak. They will never go forward." But they did. . . .

To what end? This is Mr. High's larger consideration . . . and your guess is as good as his.

Billy Graham's "good news" of the Gospel gets through to people, whether Soviet-beguiled students in Madras or a slick California crook wandering into a Los Angeles tent-meeting. London churches are still adding members as a result of Graham's astonishing series in Harringay Arena. Religion is booming. But is it genuine? Mr. High is hopeful. He is convinced that Billy Graham is taking effective advantage of one of history's best opportunities to preach Christ's message to mankind while mankind seems disposed to listen to it.



—*Camera Press Ltd.*

Billy Graham—"truly anointed."

Method and organization materially may account for part of Graham's effectiveness; spiritual hunger and tense bewilderment logically contribute. Yet there must be something else—a whole greater than the sum of its parts. Mr. High finds the answer in the unabashed simplicity and strength of Graham's personal belief—a profound, even frightened surrender to divine control —and the almost inexplicable ability to communicate it despite acknowledged shortcomings as a polished preacher and absence of theological refinement.

His message: A "vertical" faith . . . when man's righteous responsibilities to God are personally discharged, the man-to-man problems take care of themselves. His aim: "Contagious Christianity," caught from person to person, life to life, around the earth. His authority: Christ and the Bible, with no concessions as to the former and few figurative interpretations as to the latter. He has not, as one British clergyman observed, "been tutored into uncertainty."

This is the Gospel as it was meant to be preached, thinks Mr. High, who brings Graham out of the shadow of evangelistic greats and places him with Wesley, Carey, and Moody as one of God's truly anointed.

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The ARTIST as NEGRO

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Religion Revealed in Silence

"The Silent Life," by Thomas Merton *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy 178 pp. $3.50), is a reply of a Trappist monk to the challenge of all who wonder why men should choose to live in a monastic community. Father LaFarge, who reviews it here, is a member of the editorial staff of the Jesuit weekly* America.

By John LaFarge

THE Carthusians, the most intransigeant of the many monastic orders, have, says Thomas Merton, "an uncommon distaste for publicity." They take no steps to ensure the canonization of their saints. "When a monk of exceptional virtue dies, the highest public honor he receives in the Order is the laconic comment: *laudabiliter vixit.* In good American we would translate this as: 'He did all right.'" Monks in general are content to go their own quiet way, while they pray for the rest of humanity.

However, people continue to be interested in everything that pertains to "the silent life." Popular misconceptions about religious orders—monastic and non-monastic—make some explanation necessary. Chief error is the notion that men—or women—enter the cloister because they are frustrated, unhappy, wanting to escape and get away from it all. On the contrary, they embrace this severe but astonishingly cheerful discipline precisely because they have the courage to look the reality of their individual existence square in the face, and see the greatness to which God has called all men, if they will but work with His grace.

Practical curiosity wants to learn something of the grammar of the monastic life, for, as a Lutheran Pennsylvania Dutch farmer once remarked to this reviewer, as we talked across the fence bounding a newly established monastic community: "It's beyond belief how 100 gentlemen can always be living under one roof." So Thomas Merton, alias Father Louis of the Reformed Cistercian Order (O.C.S.O.), comments in authentic, sober language upon the history and the distinctive spirit of certain Roman Catholic monastic communities.

STARTING with a short study of St. Benedict of Nursia, the founder of the cenobitic brethren, or those who most stress life in common, he selects for description several of the older Benedictine houses, such as the abbeys of Solesmes and La Pierre Qui Vire in France, with the flowering of the Benedictine foundations in this country; and then the branches of the Cistercian rule, which trace their way back to Benedict through St. Bernard of Clairvaux. The Carthusians—of whom I believe there are only 600 in the entire world, represented here by a new, small, and still somewhat precarious Vermont community—belong to the hermit category.

More important than the grammar is the word the monks' silence speaks. This word, Merton insists, is not primarily the rhythm and melody of the liturgy; the *opus Dei,* the ancient church prayer offered unceasingly day and night. Nor is the monastery primarily the home of spiritual esthetic-ism, culture, or educational enterprise, or of missionary activity. Its language is above all the language of spiritual liberty. The whole monastic life tends toward this summit of liberty, and it is in the light of this freedom of spirit that we must see and understand all the discipline of the monk, his austerities, his sacrifices, his rules, his obedience, and his vows.

Moreover, it is not just a psychological liberty gained by victory of mind over matter, or cold reason over sensual passion. (The Devil can teach you some tricks in that line, for his own devious ends.) It is the liberty of the Spirit of God, the victory of faith-inspired humility and love over the "flesh"—in the wide Biblical sense of selfishness, wilfulness, and hate. And this victory is achieved by the disarmingly simple yet bafflingly subtle method of cooperation in community: "under their Abbot for a common end," men helping one another to practise Christ's poverty and obedience, and by that token, working for the liberation of all mankind. For to love God, as Denys de Rougemont says, "is to obey God, who commanded us to love one another."

Life in a religious order, Thomas Merton explains, is always life in the desert. Men are drawn to deserts, for there they meet God face to face. But people not secluded in monasteries may discover deserts in most unexpected places: sometimes right in their own homes. And if you don't know your way around in the desert, you may be chasing mirages or stepping on scorpions, instead of meeting God. So they are grateful that men of prayer like Merton show them how humility and charity are the true guides—for the monks and for us all.

FRASER YOUNG'S
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A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 725 will be found in the next issue.

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—SAMUEL BUTLER.

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The Spanish Character

"The Yoke and the Arrows," by Herbert L. Matthews *(Braziller. 203 pp. $3.75) and* ***"Kings Without Castles," by Lucy Herndon Crockett*** *(Rand, McNally. 220 pp. $3.95), are reports on present-day Spain, the former by a journalist who has followed it since the Civil War, the latter by an American making her first visit.*

By Harriet de Onis

EXTENSIVE as is the bibliography on Spain since the Civil War, including works of fact and fiction, objective—if any account of events of this nature can be objective—and partisan, the number still grows. The reason undoubtedly is that the issues in conflict in that struggle which tolled the bell for all mankind, whether they knew it or not, are still hot to the touch.

"The Spanish Civil War," writes Herbert L. Matthews in his excellent survey and analysis "The Yoke and the Arrows," "was an explosion at the end of a long powder train. We simplified it in our minds at the time, one way or another, but . . . It drew into itself all the threads of Spanish life and character, all the social conflicts that wrack our industrial age, all the ideologies that soon were to be tearing the world apart, and that are still doing so." In addition to being the overture, the rehearsal for World War II, it was one more episode in Spain's struggle to align itself on the side of freedom.

But the Spanish concept of freedom is not quite that which we associate with democracy. As G. K. Chesterton said: "Democracy declares that a man should have liberty indeed, but should have the liberty which other men have." But what primarily interests the Spaniard is the liberty other men do not have, the liberty of the individual who aims not merely at being free, but at being uniquely so. Every Spaniard is basically an anarchist. Moreover, the absolute is the Spaniard's goal, nor is he given to compromise or settling for half a loaf. Granted the errors and ineptitudes of the Republic that Mr. Matthews points out; but whether it would have been able to harness all the centrifugal forces it was called upon to weld into a working body, even if every member of the government had been a Solon, is a moot question. The permanent solution, however, cannot be a dictatorship, a general sitting on a lid. Lids have a way of blowing off, as Spain has demonstrated again and again, and many, many people get burned by the steam.

The accurate, lucid, nostalgic account Mr. Matthews gives of the Civil War—"it had quality, that war"—is by way of background. He has revisited Spain several times since he covered the war as correspondent for the *New York Times.* What interests him now is an assessment of the eighteen years of General Franco's regime, and the new relationship to Spain in which the United States finds itself as a result of the acquisition of air and naval bases there, with our consequent involvement with that country's affairs. For involved we are, to the tune of hundreds of millions of dollars, and will remain so for a long time. And this backing and aid Franco has received from us on his own terms. In many of his traits the *Caudillo* may depart from established Spanish norms, but not in believing himself always right. "We have had to make a bargain with one of the most tenacious and outstanding enemies of democracy . . . in order to defend democracy."

What keeps Franco in power as absolute ruler of Spain? He has not achieved this, says Mr. Matthews, by balancing Army, Falange, Church, and Big Business against each other. He is stronger than any or all of these factors taken together. What keeps the Franco regime essentially unchallenged, in spite of the recurring strikes of workers and students, in spite of the ambitions of the Monarchists, the opposition among the younger elements of the army and the clergy, regional aspirations which though silenced are far from dead, and the grinding poverty the mass of Spaniards endure? It is, Mr. Matthews concludes, the lack of any visible alternative. The fear of the consequences of an overthrow of the regime, another civil war, makes Spaniards accept what the majority condemn and deplore.

But one day Franco's government will come to an end, and however long it has lasted, it will be but a moment in history. His plan for his succession is a restoration of the monarchy, but will the Spanish people accept this? When the time for a change comes, the problems the country must face will be tremendous, for Franco has not so much made as paralyzed the history of his country. Though cautious about making predictions, Mr. Matthews does discern hopeful signs in a tempering of Spanish fanaticism, a tendency to let civil war bygones be bygones, and the emergence of a more stable, balanced, middle-class point of view. The number of Spaniards who go abroad for study or work, returning with a new political and intellectual vision of the outside world, can be a source of strength for the future.

LUCY HERNDON CROCKETT's "Kings Without Castles" is another sort of report on Spain. It has the aroma of a love affair. This was Miss Crockett's first visit to Spain; she travelled the length and breadth of the country by car, most of the time alone, and wherever she went she encountered courtesy and kindness. In the field of human relations she is a most perceptive person. It is apparent, both from her pictures and the results she achieved, that she has the gift of *simpatia,* that key that opens Spanish hearts. She talked with everyone she met, and she was clearly a good listener, a gift highly esteemed in Spain, though more honored in the breach than in the observance.

Miss Crockett's political and historical judgments leave something to be desired. But with becoming modesty, she admits these shortcomings and promises to repair them before she goes back again. With this in mind I recommend Mr. Matthews's book to her.

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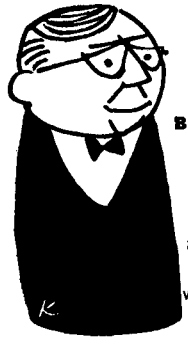

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Fiction

Continued from page 22

tribute to the author's skill. She manages to create exactly, "the infinitely fragile, delicate atmosphere of the sanatorium, the aura that surrounded Hardpan Farm."

THE RESTIVE RICH: Edwin Gilbert's fifth novel **"Silver Spoon"** (Lippincott, $4.95), is set in Glenway, the vast baronial estate of the Gowden clan in Connecticut. The four thousand acres are dotted with the mansions of Horace Gowden, Sr., and members of his patriarchially dominated family. But while dominated, Horace's children show their own restiveness. Son Horace, Jr., escapes from corporate duties into astronomy, sister Hester paints, daughter Madeline periodically prowls the countryside for extra-marital excitement, while the younger son John, a kind of crew-cut Hamlet, interests himself in a local restoration project somewhat fashioned after Williamsburg.

The inbred cautions of the clan have been so extreme that only a major shift in its public relations policy would permit eminent photographer Grace Anders to come to Glenway to make a pictorial record of the family, its servants (ninety), and its preserves. Grace, a pretty, no-nonsense camera journalist, does things to Glenway: she breaks through Horace, Sr.'s tyrannous exterior; she gives Hester's artistic career a push in the right direction; and she provides the spark that changes John Gowden from a melancholy (and, if the truth be told, tedious) pussyfooter into a modern businessman alive to the creative and constructive social opportunities of big money.

"Silver Spoon" is centrally John's story, his emergence from inhibition and retreat, his discovery of love, and his development into manhood. The process is slow, sometimes infuriatingly so. But John has more problems than even perceptive Grace is aware of as he begins the difficult task of remaking himself in the austerely pressuring environment of Glenway. He has problems with a dominant father and a kindly indifferent mother. He deeply mistrusts his father's odd major domo, Fole, a large, hulking man with a cat's tread and a roomful of birds and pornographic pictures. He fights a sense of guilt when his over-burdened brother collapses with a heart attack. And he has problems with women: with Betts, his sister-in-law, who is in love with him; with Lucinda Bayles, who has been chosen for him; and with Grace, who fascinates him even as she uncovers his weaknesses to himself one by one.

Mr. Gilbert keeps his complicated story moving dramatically on all its levels, romantic, social, and financial. The corporate crisis may seem a little theatricalized, the solution to John's amorous difficulties a none too convincing surprise, and the obviously symbolic climactic hurricane just too neatly timed, but there is no denying the author's ability to manipulate masses of people and events entertainingly and illuminatingly.

—CHARLES LEE.

LOST ENCHANTMENT: Iris Murdoch, one of the most rhapsodically praised novelists of England today, has made her reputation with products of the imagination which seem dazzling, more than a little wayward, and valuable for the unexpectedness of their forays into the secret places of mind and heart.

In her new book, **"The Sandcastle"** (Viking, $3.95), she has undertaken to put those brilliant gifts under the discipline of strict conformity to a familiar pattern. In any art much must be lost when the unique is exchanged for the serviceable. In foregoing the opportunities which her special gifts open to her, Iris Murdoch seems to have allowed herself to be caught in a narrow bypass, the only escape from which is back into the broad, featureless reaches of banality. She is still light years ahead of the routine performer in this field. To a domestic problem novel she manages to impart wit and grace and all the qualities of a civilized intelligence. Yet something a little dogged stiffens her touch and slackens her pace when first she practises to conform.

Her story is of a middle-aged schoolteacher who falls in love with a young girl—a painter of genius—and is loved by her in return. For a time he cherishes the hope of bolting to a new romantic experience, away from a bullying wife and troublesome children. But in the end he is made aware, with the courageous help of the girl, that to desert his responsibilities would be to "break so many, many things."

It may be ungenerous to outline this narrative so bluntly in terms of soap-opera and of the less elegant alcoves of Noel Coward's theatre. No work of Iris Murdoch could be completely stereotyped like the one or lushly sentimental like both, yet it is impossible to find in her treatment of the familiar the refreshment that one has taken from her experiments with the enchanted. The chief difficulty is that in accepting realism Miss Murdoch has missed reality. Her central figure never comes alive as lover, husband, father, friend, teacher, politician or thinker. Every figure in the book is more believable than he and every other theme suggested is more provocative than that of his slightly hysterical infatuation.

Miss Murdoch turns away from sub-themes and minor characters with only tantalizing hints of what she might have done with them to anatomize at patient, sometimes even at pedestrian length, the crises of a love affair of which some of the turns seem wilfully inept and others seem unworldly almost to the point of childishness.

Urgent message from admirers in Wonderland to Iris Murdoch, self-exiled in Suburbia: Please come home! All is forgiven!

—JAMES GRAY.

TALENT OUT OF THE MIDWEST: In his first published book **"The Anatomy Lesson and Other Stories"** (Viking, $3.50), Evan S. Connell, Jr., presents impressive proof that he is equally at home in a short narrative sketch about the death of an American pilot in the Pacific ("The Yellow Raft") and in the more complex long short story of domestic tension, "Arcturus." He can write effective satire as he does in "The Condor and the Guests," a merciless depiction of a cocktail hour in Parallel, Kansas, in which a group of thoroughly odious bourgeoisie torment the giant condor which their gross host has chained to a tree in his back yard. He has created some memorable and varied people: the haunted Mexican of "The Fisherman from Chihuahua" whose conduct shatters the repose of a waterfront bar in Monterey; the dedicated art teach-

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Pick of the Paperbacks

THE DIPLOMACY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. *By Samuel Flagg Bemis. Indiana University Press.* $1.75. The classic account of how Benjamin Franklin negotiated and America gained its independence by Sterling Professor of Diplomatic History and Inter-American Relations at Yale.

THE EXAMINED LIFE. *By Warner Fite. Indiana University Press.* $1.75. Man, morality, the art of living itself, are discussed in this Princeton philosopher's book.

THE INTELLECTUAL MILIEU OF JOHN DRYDEN. *By Louis I. Bredvold. University of Michigan Press.* $1.25. The skepticism of John Dryden provides the starting point for a recreation of the seventeenth-century world of ideas in which he lived.

SOUTH WIND. *By Norman Douglas. Universal.* $1.25. A witty novel about a Capri-like island called Nepenthe and its cosmopolitan inhabitants.

MOHAMMED AND CHARLEMAGNE. *By Henri Pirenne. Translated by Bernard Miall. Meridian.* $1.35. This brilliant study of the twilight of classical civilization and the dawn of a new Europe was the final work of a distinguished French historian.

IRISH FOLK STORIES AND FAIRY TALES. *Edited by William Butler Yeats. Universal.* 95¢. All manner of sprite, from leprechaun to pooka, is to be found in this collection of folk tales, gathered together and introduced by Ireland's greatest poet.

SIGHTS AND SPECTACLES. *By Mary McCarthy. Meridian.* $1.25. Observations of the American theatre from 1937 to 1956 by *Partisan Review's* onetime drama critic: astringent, relentless, often irritating.

THE SOCIAL SOURCES OF DENOMINATIONALISM. *By H. Richard Niebuhr. Meridian.* $1.35. The emergence of denominationalism is traced by a Yale theologian in a study of the various aspects of American society that contributed to denominational Christianity.

THE NŌ PLAYS OF JAPAN. *Translated by Arthur Waley. Grove.* $1.75. Examples of the centuries-old ritual drama of Japan, which caught the imagination of Ezra Pound and W. B. Yeats, translated into prose and poetry by a noted Oriental scholar.

WHAT MEAN THESE STONES? *By Millar Burrows. Meridian.* $1.35. The author of "The Dead Sea Scrolls" assesses the importance of modern archeological research in the Holy Land.

CORRECTION: *SR*'s Picker of the Paperbacks regrets that in describing "Caste and Class in a Southern Town" in the March 16 issue he referred to the author, John Dollard, as "late." Mr. Dollard is very much alive, at Yale University, where he is professor of psychology.

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er of the title story with his apathetic and untalented class of university students; the rootless expatriate of "The Walls of Ávila" whose return home is somewhat less than triumphant.

In spite of Mr. Connell's indisputable talent and intelligence, I am forced to make the purely personal comment that I do not care for some of these perceptive and well-wrought stories. I am confused by "The Trellis." I simply do not understand the dialogue between Inspector Polajenko and the talkative silversmith Tony Miula; perhaps there is some larger meaning here which I have failed to unearth. I think that the characters of "I Came from Yonder Mountain" are unconvincing, and that the story itself is contrived and unpleasantly arty. I am not sure whose leg Mr. Connell is pulling, for example, when he uses language like "barely parted and moist are the elfin lips" of the daughter in "Arcturus" nor do I understand the significance of the fact that the father in this story is "remotely descended" from Goethe. Frequently, in short, I am not quite sure where the author intends me to go. To whom does the artist owe the greater responsibility—to himself or to his audience? I am less sure of the answer to this question than I was a few years ago. Certain stories in "The Anatomy Lesson" cause me to reconsider this question and some of the issues which are connected with it.

—William Peden.

KIERKEGAARDIAN FABLES: Cross Kafka with Hans Christian Andersen, says Angus Wilson in his admiring introduction to **"Tiger in the Kitchen"** (Abelard-Schuman, $3.50) and you have Villy Sorensen. One can only agree, both with the comparison and the admiration. This is the first book of this Danish writer, published when he was twenty-three, and it reveals him as a true original. He has taken for his domain the world of fable, fairy tale, legend, and myth—the Nordic variants—and run them through his Kierkegaardian mind.

What emerges are some strange stories indeed. Example: the population of a town in Denmark finds its kitchens occupied by, of all things, tigers; and they won't leave until a young man goes to bed with one of them, learns their language (the tongue of primitive, elemental forces, alive, but yet buried within each of us, waiting to be called forth) and, for a time, frees the village of their unwelcome guests.

The title story, and the other six as well, are written with an ironic earnestness and a potent, topsy-turvy strain of logic that keeps the material ever revolving before your eyes. There is blood in these stories: they are never entirely divorced from life. This reader was relieved to put down the book, but this is only testimony to the success of Sorensen's method. It is the most hypnotically dreamlike of books and if you want to see how it is done, take a deep breath and throw yourself into it. You'll be different when you close the covers. The translation is by Maureen Neiiendam.

—Gerald Walker.

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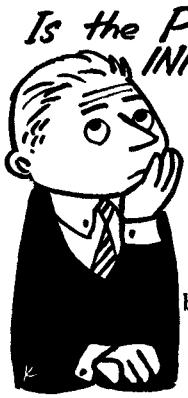

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World War II

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tough-minded, brilliantly informed English historian, H. R. Trevor-Roper, and the book sustains his judgment.

But the book is much more than a melodramatic tale of how a minute part of Hitler's victims could be snatched from the malignant chaos of the Third Reich; it provides an invaluable insight into Himmler's mind and fantasy. A few simple and unoriginal notions dominated his mind: that Jews corrupted and ruled the world, that Freemasonry and the Papacy constituted an equally ominous conspiracy, and that all civil servants, diplomats, doctors, and homosexuals were expendable. His one vision was the creation, by a variety of means, including compulsory bigamy, of a racially superior Germany that would protect Europe from Asia. From Kersten's account, Himmler emerges as a good husband, a sober citizen who resisted all temptations of enrichment and luxury, and a reluctant murderer: his own plan for the Jews would have involved their mass expulsion, not extermination. But he was the prisoner of his inherited ideas and of his loyalty to Hitler; he readily executed Hitler's grimmer program. Kersten's account of Himmler's hideous mind is a reminder that Nazi totalitarianism depended as much on an ideology as on terror and that its servants belonged to an hitherto unknown underworld of diseased, resentful misfits who transformed private grievance into collective misery.

—Fritz Stern.

MEN BEHIND THE GUNS: As has often been pointed out, the Second World War involved greater advances in military technology than had previously occurred in the entire recorded history of mankind. More than 90 per cent of the weapons we were using at the end of World War II, it has been estimated, were qualitatively new, either in the sense that they had been created *de novo* since the start of the conflict (like the atomic bomb) or had been so vastly improved that they could properly be regarded as being new (like the jet fighter).

The duration of World War II, especially for the British, who entered it more than two years before we did, permitted new weapons to be conceived, developed, tested, manufactured, issued to the fighting forces, and used in combat—all within a span of time short compared with the length of the war. Such technical weapons-development work was carried out by numerous technical establishments maintained either by the armed services or by such an *ad hoc* government agency as the U.S. Office of Scientific Research and Development.

Gerald Pawle's **"The Secret War, 1939-1945"** (Sloane, $5) is the story of the work of one such group, told lovingly and with an enthusiasm that is undimmed by the years that have passed since 1946. It concerns the British Admiralty's Department of Miscellaneous Weapons Development, created in 1941 from the earlier Inspectorate of Anti-aircraft Weapons and Devices. Pawle makes it clear that the group had all the properties which characterized a successful weapons-development outfit in World War II, properties that included, among others, enormous group spirit and enthusiasm, here sustained by a nickname—"Wheezers and Dodgers"; extreme impatience with the stodgy ways of standard service officialdom; equal enthusiasm for all the technical efforts of the group, whether or not the development involved appeared in time to be useful in the war as it actually had to be fought; and appreciation of the practical importance of bringing new developments to the earliest possible attention of high government officials.

For the tens of thousands of British and Americans who actually took part in the technical effort of World War II, Pawle's book is a nostalgic reminder of the hectic work, occasional accomplishment, endemic frustration, and sober foolishness of those days. For the general reader, it is a fair and typical account of how things went on a war front not reported in the newspapers. For the historian, it is first hand source material on a side of warfare that probably will prove to have been unique to World War II. In another war, thanks to technology, the pace of events will almost surely be too rapid to permit the useful introduction of weapons whose development is undertaken only after the start of the war. The issue will probably be decided by weapons we have in hand when the conflict begins.

—Louis Ridenour.

REGIMENT OF FELONS: The man who has written his memoirs—**"The Legion of the Damned"** (translated by Maurice Michael; Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.75)—under the pseudonym of Sven Hassel is the son, we are told, of a Danish woman and an Austrian officer. He was brought up in Denmark, but when World War II broke out the Germans claimed him and put him in their army. When he deserted he was caught, slapped into concentration camp for a while, and then sent to the front with a regiment specially made up of deserters and felons.

It is rather difficult for the mind of anyone to understand what a regiment of this sort could contribute to a nation's campaign for victory. What Sven Hassel has to say about the training and indoctrination of this curious collection of fighting men does not make its existence much more understandable. We are reluctant to believe that even the imaginative and inhuman brutality of Hitler's SS Corps could entirely cancel the spirit of a large group of obviously spirited men. That is probably because we who think of what Hassel has to say as a strange and distorted fantasy have had no experience with such degradation of humanity.

He tells us that his one desire is to make plain to the world that war is not merely senseless. He wants us to know that it is an evil flower, no matter what its aim, of the same branch that produced Hitler's foul world. Certainly in the picture which he presents there is little that is even bearable, much less noble. Yet strangely enough the gusto and enthusiasm with which this amazing man piles horror upon horror suggests that perhaps the worst evil in war results from man's ability to get used to it, to fall in with and take in his stride its fiercest bestialities. Sven Hassel's book is the portrait of a man and his companions doing exactly that.

Perhaps this is why the book seems more like fiction than fact. Perhaps it is why the American publisher presents it as fiction while repeating the author's claim that it is "ninety per cent fact." Whether you consider this brutal book as fact or as fiction it is made up of good, violent writing.

—Raymond Holden.

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Hiss

Continued from page 29

but shows positive signs of having been deliberately altered, in that many of its types are replacements of the originals and have been deliberately shaped." Mr. Lane also submitted many letters and reports relating to the question of whether or not Woodstock typewriter #230099—that being the number of the typewriter—could have been manufactured soon enough to have been in the possession of Mrs. Hiss's father, its original owner, as early as July 8, 1929. On that day the father's office had apparently written a letter with type characteristics similar to those of the Standards and the Baltimore Documents. Mr. Lane had encountered the same unwillingness to help in this phase of his investigation. He did not claim that he had shown that #230099 could not have been owned by the father, but he believed that he had raised "serious doubts." He asked that a hearing be held for which the process be available to compel the attendance of witnesses.

From all of this Mr. Lane advanced the theory that Chambers had either directly or through one or more confederates fabricated the typewriter and copied the Baltimore Documents. Chambers had done so, Mr. Lane believed, between August 1948, when he identified Hiss as a Communist but disclaimed knowledge of espionage at a Congressional hearing, and November 1948, when he produced the Documents at Baltimore. His motive, Mr. Lane conjectured, was to protect himself in the libel suit brought by Hiss after Chambers on a radio program had described him as a Communist.

In opposition the Government submitted affidavits by a number of experts, including the manufacturers of the typewriter. Mr. Hiss only sketchily describes these affidavits.

Whatever may be the truth as between the experts, acceptance of Mr. Lane's theory is subject to many difficulties. How could Chambers have had the machine fabricated in three months of 1948? Mr. Lane required much of his own time for over a year and a great deal of the time of an entire team of specialists; he had consulted many people and suffered frequent rebuffs so that his effort presumably left a conspicuous trail.

During the period between August and November 1948, Chambers was a regular employee of Time, Inc.; he was running a farm; he was attending Congressional hearings and pretrial examinations in the libel suit; he was being pursued by newspaper reporters. These activities would hardly seem to leave the time, energy, and privacy necessary to fabricate or to supervise the fabrication of a typewriter so secretly that no trace of his endeavor was ever discovered.

Assuming that the typewriter had been fabricated, how would he have known where to plant it? Twenty-five or more agents of the FBI had failed to find the Hiss typewriter. The machine introduced in evidence had been found by Mr. Edward C. McLean, Mr. Hiss's chief legal adviser from the time of his indictment to the end of the second trial, because Mr. and Mrs. Hiss had supplied him with information available only to them. And Mr. McLean, a New York lawyer with a reputation for zeal and diligence, had been truly indefatigable in his search; he had traced the wanderings of the typewriter through many hands over a period of more than ten years. Trial counsel Lloyd Stryker had glowingly depicted him and his search to the jury: "a 'stalwart lawyer' who went to Washington time and again . . . he inspected garrets and he poked around in cellars" to find the typewriter.

Again, if Chambers fabricated and planted the typewriter, why did he not somehow let the FBI know its whereabouts? The period of late November and early December 1948 was the low point in Chambers's morale. It was then that he made his famous suicide attempt—because he thought the Grand Jury would indict him and not Hiss. Chambers could readily imagine what was in fact happening: the FBI was making strenuous efforts to find both the Hiss typewriter and samples of typing by Mr. and Mrs. Hiss. It was obvious that unless the Baltimore Documents could be connected with a Hiss typewriter they were not forceful evidence against Hiss. One would think that after such an extraordinary feat as fabricating and planting a typewriter, and in such critical circumstances, Chambers would have given the FBI at least a lead to the location of the typewriter rather than abandon hope.

If Mr. Lane could discover reasons for doubting that the typewriter found by Mr. McLean was the true Hiss machine, why could not Mr. McLean do so, too? Uncritical identification of the typewriter would be most inconsistent with Mr. McLean's conscientiousness both as reputed and as apparently already displayed.

In opposing the motion for a new trial the Government submitted the affidavits to which reference has been made. Principal emphasis was put, however, on the inconsistency between the motion and the defense position at the trials. The defense had offered the typewriter and identified it by several witnesses. One defense witness, Perry Catlett, had identified it not by its typing but by the fact that the left hand knob of the roller was missing. Even in summation, defense counsel had expressly stated that the Baltimore Documents had been typed on the Woodstock found by Mr. McLean. The Government dissected the motion papers and found them indecisive.

Judge Goddard, who had presided at the second trial, heard the motion for a third trial and denied it. His long opinion reviewed the affidavits, emphasized the inconsistency between Mr. Lane's theory of the typewriter and that of defense counsel at the trials, referred to the legal doctrine that litigants are not allowed additional trials for successive theories and concluded that there had been presented "no newly discovered evidence which would justify the conclusion that if it were presented to a jury it would probably result in a verdict of acquittal." The quotation states the legal test that must be met by evidence submitted on a motion for a new trial. The Court of Appeals subsequently affirmed Judge Goddard's decision.

The book is unquestionably a forceful and exhaustive presentation of what can be said on behalf of Mr. Hiss. For those looking for a vivid, balanced account, "A Generation on Trial," by Alistair Cooke remains by far the best work on the case.

One cannot fail to be moved by the fate of Alger and Priscilla Hiss. Brilliant, charming, industrious and, according to their standards, well-intentioned, they are an outstanding tragedy of our times. Mr. Hiss has served his sentence and written his book. It is to be hoped that society will now find some constructive use for his undoubted abilities.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Henry Sturdevant in "Flight Into Darkness," by Philip Clark. 2. Halvard Solness in "The Master Builder," by Henrik Ibsen. 3. Mr. Salteena in "The Young Visiters," by Daisy Ashford. 4. Frank Skeffington in "The Last Hurrah," by Edwin O'Connor. 5. The Narrator in "The Aspern Papers," by Henry James. 6. "Don Quixote de la Mancha," by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. 7. Young Rossum, in "R.U.R.," by Karel Capek. 8. Merton Gill in "Merton of the Movies," by Harry Leon Wilson. 9. The Narrator in "The Spell of the Yukon," by Robert W. Service. 10. Kate Sims in "The Twelve Pound Look," by James M. Barrie.

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Spring on the Riviera

THE French Riviera in the last days of April was a chilly strand, and it moved me to wonder just what the attraction was in the days of its first popularity, when it was a winter and spring sanctuary for Russians, Poles, and Britons seeking shelter from the unfriendly atmospheres in their homelands. Admittedly, the weather was an improvement from the fogs of the isles and the chill of the steppes but, even so, the attractions along the Côte d'Azur, if tonic, were hardly warming.

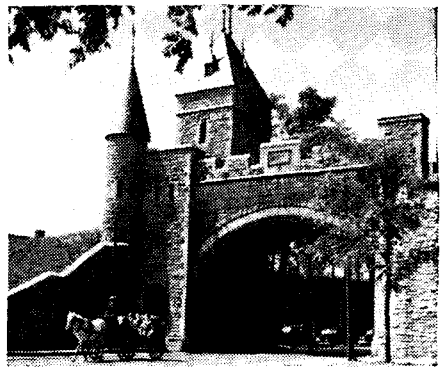
In these days only the bravest of souls—Scandinavians probably—brave the beach until conditions warm up. On Easter Sunday, by which time I had moved on to Paris, the papers were carrying pictures of sunbathers crowding the small strip of sand at Cannes like Sunday sunworshipers at Coney in July. They had come in one sudden rush, pouring in for the big late Easter week-end which seemed to crowd resorts all over France, from the Côte d'Azur to the Haute Savoie and clear to Paris itself. The Parisians had all, of course, departed. "My dear," as a trapped Parisian explained to me, "anyone who is smart and who isn't trapped here for one reason or another is in Deauville." Yet before the big week-end and after it, at least until the summer would arrive full bloom, there were only a few stragglers in the hotels—a wandering band of Danish tennis players, a couple who wished they had stayed in Miami, a German figure-skater who had been working at Mégève all winter and wanted to thaw out, and a few international types whose nationality would prove indeterminable to anyone without access to their passports. They had replaced the counts, the barons, the monocles, and the ascots, and they would hold the fort until the first full days of summer when the crowd would come, tying up the traffic on the Corniches, even roosting among the pebbles that pass for a beach at Nice.

Checking into the Carlton at Cannes shook loose memories of my days as a boy at summer camp, when I used to get post-cards in Maine from the family abroad showing that formidable hostelry's towers and palms. And I would stick the cards in the edge of the screen in the bunk where they would be viewed by passing garter snakes and boys in short pants. It shook loose, too, thoughts of a short stretch just twelve years ago when the Army lifted some of us out of the mud of Germany and deposited us, just before the spring offensive of 1945, in a seaside room at the very same hotel. It brought back in a sudden rush the Red Cross girls who had a canteen just down the avenue, where they stored their doughnuts and their romantic problems knotted by the strange ways of wars. It brought back the Riviera rules of 1945—GIs in Nice, officers in Cannes, and the WACs in Juan-les-Pins. Real convenient. In between. Also no neckties and no saluting. And the water eddying in, turquoise in the shoals. And the French girls in their Bikinis long before they were called that, starting a frantic rush for the cameras whenever they got up to stretch.

Now in its middle years the Carlton looked good for its age, holding up far better than its guests of the same epoch. No new hotels had been built along the strip, and the Carlton remained both in key and in vogue. But even if the Riviera was settling into pleasant decadence, it hadn't been totally impregnable to onrushing progress. For instance, in the basement of the Casino a mammoth hi-fi set had all but replaced live band music. The selection of records was wider than almost any orchestra's repertoire. And the machine offered musical versatility as well.

Down the line a bit, past the famed three-star gourmet's hive known simply as La Bonne Auberge, there was a new type of lodging, *le motel*. And not only *le motel*, but also *le milk bar*. And the beaches had developed some new names too. Florida, Waikiki, and Miami, pronounced mee-ah-mee. (Meanwhile, back on Miami Beach the hotels were opening rooms called Harry's American Bar, La Ronde, and Cafe Pompeii.)

DRIVING down to Nice one day I had lunch in the gargantuan fastnesses of the Hotel Negresco, that vast white armory spang on the Promenade des Anglais, long recognized as the prima hotel of the city. Shortly I found myself in receipt of a notice which indicated that not only was the Hotel Negresco to be altered but it was to be "renovated to conform to American standards of comfort with air-conditioned rooms, ultra-modern baths, and running ice water." Europeans have the notion that Americans



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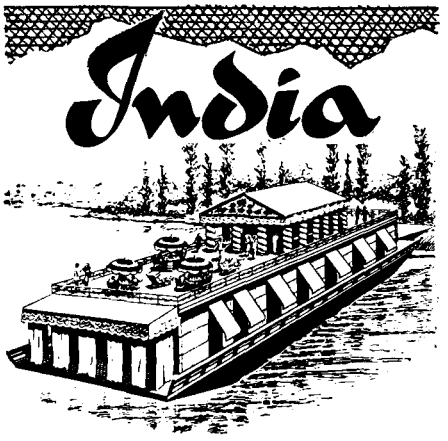

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are lost without a steady, unfaltering supply of ice water at the elbow.

Anyway, modernization of the ground floor and the top floors would begin in October (after the summer season has subsided). Work includes, according to the notice, "moving the main lounge from its present position in the gloomy interior to the sunny front of the hotel where it will face the Promenade des Anglais and the sea." A large swimming pool is to be built where the lounge is presently located, in the gloomy interior, and around it will be a "Place Vendome" —shops and airline ticket offices.

The Negresco's seafront terrace, "little used at present," will be converted into an attractive outdoor restaurant and bar open twenty-four hours a day in summer, serving light meals, snacks, and pizza dishes. Americans are always eating pizzas and staying up all night. In place of the rocks the hotel will lay out a private beach in front of the hotel, and there is talk of installing curative sea water baths, perhaps alongside the swimming pool.

There was a faint rustle, too, a hundred miles out along the Mediterranean. The French government had announced a vast building plan for the delightful island of Corsica, building hotels, developing beaches, and even building some where they didn't exist already. Back in 1947, after a week-end trip there, I had written, "Corsica today could well become the Cuba of the Riviera." And if that was really in the offing, then the Côte d'Azur would be Miami Beach, complete with running ice-water, beaches called "Florida," *le motel* and *le milk-bar*, and pizzas baking at every corner.

—Horace Sutton.

West India Day-by-Day

THURSDAY. Left snow behind as *Homeric* (Panamanian flag, Italian crew) steamed southward on Sun-Way Fun-Way Cruise. Anticipating sun and fun.

SATURDAY. Luncheon buffet served on deck—fried mushrooms, eggs Elizabeth, herring, smoked tongue, salmon, stuffed tomato, eel, and all such. Took up starboard side. Party for "unattached ladies and gentlemen" gave boy chance to meet girl if he hadn't already.

SUNDAY. San Juan. Took local bus to old section of city, as taxis at pier were asking $3 an hour and a guaranteed three hours. Walked through narrow streets and local color, then took taxi for one hour at $4 to see places a good tourist should see. That night found little club run by Al Gomez called Al's Little Club. So little, it would feel at home in Montmartre.

MONDAY. Alumni Meeting of old Homerics in Taverna Club. Some take the cruise year after year after year, etc. The Taverna gets crowd when Millepiedi (means Thousand Feet) Quintet stops playing in Continental Lounge at 1 a.m. Corradi Orchestra quietly serenades each table until three. Very effective if you're feeling sentimental. Or tired.

TUESDAY. Caracas. Three thousand feet in the sky. Pretty, expensive, independent. Looks like a picture torn from a 2057 A.D. travel book. New Autopista del Este (super-super highway) going into city from port of La Guaira (cost $10 million a mile) makes Jersey turnpike look like wagon trail. Went to Tamanaco Hotel (a must-see on every tourist's list), where pleasant terrace overlooks eastern Caracas and there's a swimming pool shaped like a shmoo. Bravely dangled for ten minutes in *teleferico* (ultra-modern cable car) as it slipped up slopes of Mount Avila toward 7,000-foot peaks.

WEDNESDAY. Willemstad, Curacao. Walked the narrow streets of this "shoppers' paradise" searching for bargains. Found none. Tucked purse under arm and went to look at Floating Market, a fleet of sailboats lining the quay loaded with goods from Venezuela. Vendors sell from their boats or the sidewalk, sleep at night under billowing sails. Walked past pretty gabled houses built like seventeenth-century Holland.

FRIDAY. Port-au-Prince. Trio of drummers greeted us as we stepped from tender. Welcome never ceased, all day. Uncertainty everywhere. People without guidance or direction. But full of stubborn pride. Radios blared campaign songs, and everyone talked of the forthcoming election. I even had a button pinned on me.

Had lunch at Le Perchoir, high on a hill above the city. Roving vendors. Everywhere was the plea, "I broke, you buy from me. You help me."

As the *Homeric* gathered steam in the late afternoon, boys dived from rowboats below to search for falling coins in the shark-inhabited waters.

SATURDAY. Kingston, Jamaica. Straw market on pier had the jump on

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shops in town. Took a cab to Hope Botanic Gardens, where guide more concerned with famous Americans he had guided than with the tropical foliage.

Passed a white brick building with red letters, "Send us back to Liberia free." Britain does have its problems.

SUNDAY. Gala luncheon buffet. Same as before, only more so.

MONDAY. Havana. Favorite "must-sees" in this gay resort turned out to be city prison and the graveyard. Prison offers a panoramic view of the city as nice as any. The prisoners are, of course, in seclusion, but in their seclusion they make—by hand—all kinds of tourist bait (scarfs, stoles, book ends, maracas, etc.) which are sold at a small shop at the prison's entrance.

Ninety per cent of the proceeds go to the artisans. Shopkeeper, also a prisoner, keeps ten. Graveyards are graveyards, except in Havana. Only the rich are allowed, and there are statues and mausoleums fit to cover a royal family. Poor people have own section.

TUESDAY. Ship's chart said we were off Miami coast, but it felt more like Cape Hatteras. I stood on deck and watched the swells swell and break as the ship rocked and rolled, but a giant wave shortly chased me inside.

Gala dinner very gala. Caspian Sea Malossol Caviar, shark fin soup, filet mignon, heart of palm Kanana, and parfait à l'Aurum on the menu.

Danced on a tipsy floor.

WEDNESDAY. White Elephant Auction Sale, for those who'd bought white elephants. Ship rather quiet for a last night out. Paper hats and party doo-dads didn't help much.

THURSDAY. Awakened to fog. Some hello from New York. Crept into the harbor, whistles going every two minutes. Nobody said much. It was *arrivederci, au revoir.* The Millepiedi tactfully kept quiet about it.

—JOYCE JENKINS.

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PERSONALS

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HARRISON, N. Y.—Enchanting small estate loaded with old world atmosphere. 8 rooms, 4½ baths, (main floor master suite), 40 foot living room with cathedral ceiling, balconied dining hall, fireplaces, huge walled patio with fountain, 2 picturesque acres with brook, weeping willows, fruit trees, excellent condition and truly fascinating. Hazel Altman, Harrison 8-3020 (NY).

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CHARMING 8-room Colonial home; 2 baths; oil heat; 3-5 acres. Very accessible. $22,500. Lucy F. White, Hillsdale, N.Y.

(Continued on page 50)

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

(Continued from page 49)

WORLD-FAMOUS AUTHOR OFFERS ESTATE, residential town 20 miles from Los Angeles. Two-story Italian style villa, extraordinary steel and concrete construction. Elevator. Half acre. Six-foot steel fence, twenty-foot hedges. Fishpond, unlimited flowers, twenty-two varieties fruit. Three fireproof storerooms. Library two thousand volumes. Price $30,000. Box 266, Monrovia, California.

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BERKSHIRE HILLS, Western Massachusetts—Beautiful 8 room country home, exceptional mountain view. 200 acres at 1600-1800 elevation. Summer home of prominent NY attorney. Completely furnished—$16,000. Particulars, other listings — NEWTON & WILLIAMS, ROWE, MASSACHUSETTS.

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5-18

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1208

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Amer. philosopher, Columbia prof. (1896-1954; "Philosopher's Holiday").	118 90 18 43 79
B. Chaucer's word for a knight not yet old enough to display his own banner.	39 167 130 148 149 161 27 20
C. In billiards, intentional pocketing of adversary's ball.	35 82 13 176 67 138 52 106 72 30 128
D. Any discharge of blood from the blood vessels.	133 40 103 170 107 136 159 120 21 85
E. Person confined in an institution.	179 15 113 135 81 160
F. A kind of tailors' sewing silk.	7 163 146 55 61
G. Rewarding to look at.	108 25 104 70 53 75 32 166 174
H. Her last play was with "The King."	101 78 145 65 17 156 87 175
I. Toward the center.	19 97 165 56 68
J. A population and business center.	147 127 49 92
K. Make more close in any sense.	123 31 157 139 181 8 71
L. Attained a goal or destiny (2 wds.).	114 23 144 3 80 54 126

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. In appearance, this could have qualified as one of Word N.	153 110 94 131 105
N. Two dozen, esp. of certain pie ingredients (comp.).	100 76 46 28 96 33 58 12 132 143 112 173 119
O. Alexander's wife.	121 152 178 69 36 93
P. Meddlesome and bossy.	14 26 151 6 24 91 134 66 164
Q. Followed by Word V, popular song of World War I, about "memories of you."	38 34 45 115 77 59 142 2 168
R. Physician, founder of first lab in U.S. to study TB (1848-1915).	64 98 4 109 122 73 37
S. Most ardent or glowing.	117 172 47 48 83 16 51
T. Collaborator with Freud, 1933, on book, "Why War?"	22 129 171 42 158 102 155 89
U. Place of origin of 12th-cent. minnesinger Wolfram.	177 60 154 124 137 5 44 162 29 62
V. See Word Q (2 wds.).	140 57 169 41 50 86 125 84
W. Rival of Word O, esp. in Lee's drama on "The Rival Queens," 1678.	180 116 11 74 99 141 88
X. Born at the some birth as another.	1 111 95 10 150 63 9

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	1 X	2 Q	3 L	■	4 R	5 U	6 P	7 F	8 K	9 X	■	10 X	11 W	12 N	13 C	14 P
15 E	16 S	■	17 H	18 A	19 I	20 B	21 D	22 T	23 L	24 P	25 G	■	26 P	27 B	28 N	29 U
30 C	■	31 K	32 G	■	33 N	34 Q	35 C	■	36 O	37 R	38 Q	39 B	40 D	41 V	42 T	■
43 A	44 U	45 Q	46 N	47 S	■	48 S	49 J	50 V	■	51 S	52 C	53 G	54 L	55 F	56 I	57 V
58 N	■	59 Q	60 U	■	61 F	62 U	63 X	■	64 R	65 H	66 P	67 C	■	68 I	69 O	70 G
71 K	■	72 C	73 R	74 W	75 G	76 N	77 Q	■	78 H	79 A	80 L	■	81 E	82 C	83 S	84 V
85 D	■	86 V	87 H	88 W	89 T	90 A	91 P	92 J	93 O	94 M	95 X	96 N	97 I	■	98 R	99 W
100 N	101 H	102 T	103 D	104 G	105 M	■	106 C	107 D	108 G	■	109 R	110 M	111 X	112 N	■	113 E
114 L	115 Q	■	116 W	117 S	118 A	119 N	■	120 D	121 O	122 R	■	123 K	124 U	125 V	■	126 L
127 J	128 C	129 T	130 B	131 M	■	132 N	133 D	134 P	■	135 E	136 D	137 U	■	138 C	139 K	140 V
141 W	142 Q	143 N	144 L	■	145 H	146 F	147 J	148 B	■	149 B	150 X	151 P	152 O	153 M	154 U	155 T
156 H	157 K	■	158 T	159 D	160 E	■	161 B	162 U	163 F	164 P	■	165 I	166 G	167 B	168 Q	■
169 V	170 D	■	171 T	172 S	173 N	■	174 G	175 H	176 C	■	177 U	178 O	179 E	180 W	181 K	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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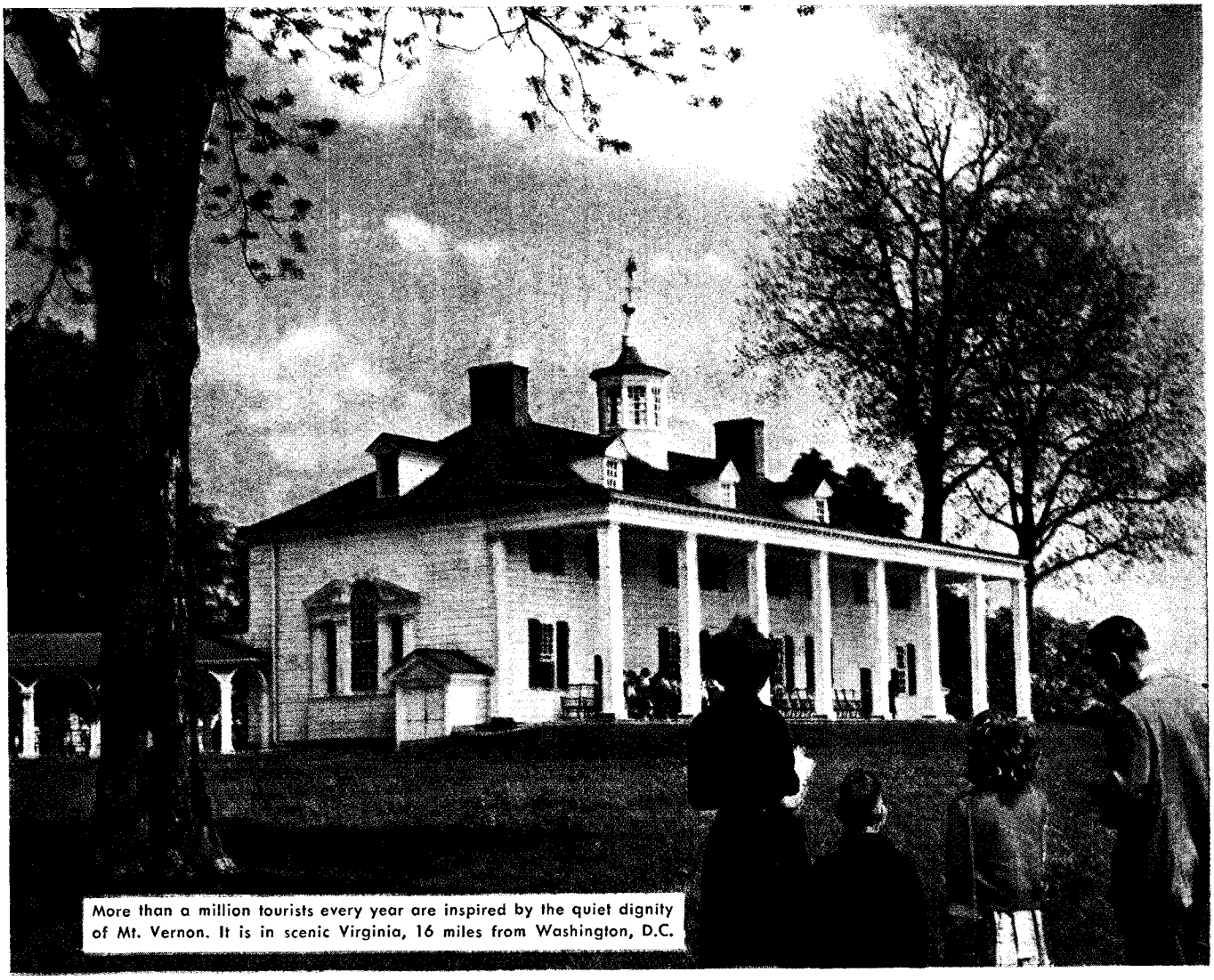

More than a million tourists every year are inspired by the quiet dignity of Mt. Vernon. It is in scenic Virginia, 16 miles from Washington, D.C.

George Washington slept here—but not very often

All he wanted was to live at Mount Vernon and become "the first farmer in the country." But there was a war to be won and that took time. Then there was the Presidency and *that* took time. And by the time George Washington got around to himself, his time had run out.

His beloved Mount Vernon stands today on the bluff above the Potomac, faithfully restored by the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union. Thanks to the foresight and devotion of these patriotic women, the stately main house has been furnished with original pieces or contemporary duplicates. Here is the key to the Bastille, a gift from Lafayette; Washington's swords, and many personal effects rich in historical significance.

You can see the outbuildings—the smoke house, the greenhouse, the carriage house, the spinning house and all the rest—just as they were in the 18th century. You can see trees and plantings put in by Washington and still flourishing.

Down a shaded walk is the tomb of Washington and every passing American Naval vessel for 150 years has saluted it.

When you visit Mount Vernon, you can realize why Washington loved it. It is our great good fortune that he loved his country more . . .

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